SPECIAL REPORT:
Fumento on Cancer Testing

U.S. $2.75
CANADA $3.25

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

MO STATE UNIVERSITY
DISCARDED

AUGUST 1990 A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

On the Prowl in Romania • On Patrol in East L.A.

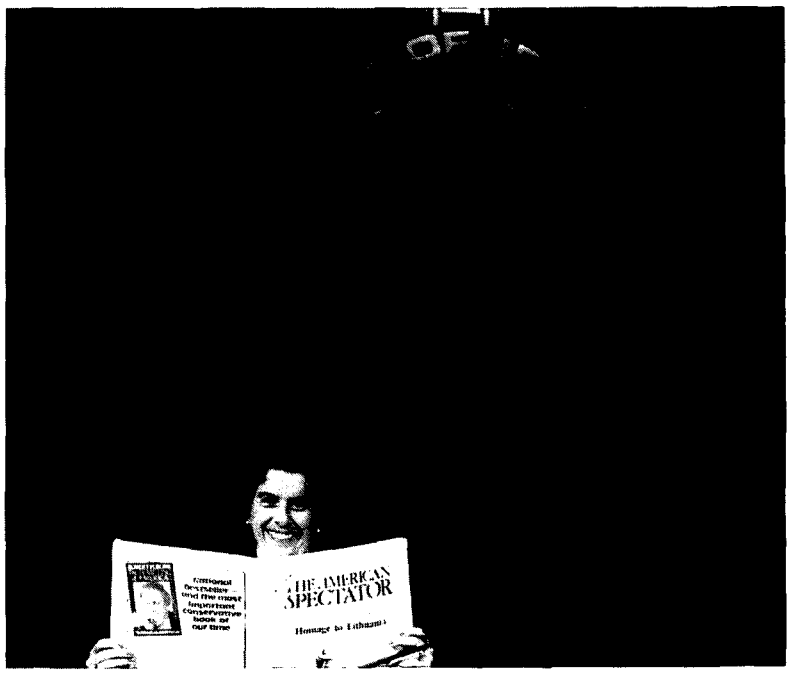
Apocalypse Now!

The Greening of Al Gore, by Micah Morrison

**********5-DIGIT 63501
110452 9012Ø1 TASLBR 1 S9
PICKLER M RIAL LIBRARY
NE MISSOURI STATE UNIV KI
SERIALS-PER
KIRKSVILLE MO 63501

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American Spectators . . . not just voyeurs.



Patrick Wajsman
Erich Eichman
Douglas Bartholomew
Thomas A. Bolan
Raymond Shamie
Thomas J. McIntosh
Bernard Zimmern
Arthur L. Montgomery
Chris Olander
Donald P. Kahn
Craig Kennedy
A. Werner Pleus
R. Ilaria, M.D.
Hilton Kramer
Edward Noble
Martin Peretz
Anthony Harrigan
Richard Perle
Herbert Stein
David Brinkley
John Lukacs
William Safire
Jeffrey Hart
Sally Anne Sheridan, Mayor-Elect, Irvine, California
Hon. Richard M. Nixon
John Chamberlain
Roger Milliken
J. Peter Grace
Winston Lord
Rowland Evans
Leonard Garment
Joseph Hazan
John Lehman
James Grant
James Fallows
Clay La Force
Walter Goodman
Hon. Jack Kemp
Milton Friedman
James Glassman
Nelson Polsby
James Hitchcock
Gen. Alexander Haig
Gov. William Scranton
James J. Griffitts, M.D.
Cullen Murphy
Joseph Epstein
Gov. Robert D. Orr
Leslie Lenkowsky
Forrest McDonald
Wm. Bradford Reynolds
Lyn Nofziger
Czeslaw Milosz
John O'Sullivan
Laurence Snelling
Hon. John Gavin

The American Spectator thinks *you* **can be one of us. The few, the proud . . . the literate. To subscribe, call us at 800 341-1522, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week; we will send you twelve issues for a mere $30. And, glasnost or no glasnost, we promise to keep your name off the mailing lists of GUM, NAMBLA and Neiman Marcus.**

George Weigel
Maurice Cranston
John Updike
Joshua Muravchik
T. Boone Pickens
James Johnston
Dan Oliver
William Bennett
Reid Buckley
Shane O'Neil
M. E. Bradford
Hon. Jim Courter
Michael S. Joyce
Pasco M. Bowman II
Brock Yates
David Woodley Packard
Donald J. Devine
Sen. Richard Lugar
Richard Merkin
Lee Atwater
Charles Wallen, Jr.
Hon. Owen H. Johnson
Joe Santilli
Hon. Ronald Reagan

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Can you explain why you're a conservative?

And can you show others why they should be?

You'll be able to do both, clearly and persuasively, after you master the central ideas of 24 of the major thinkers of our century...

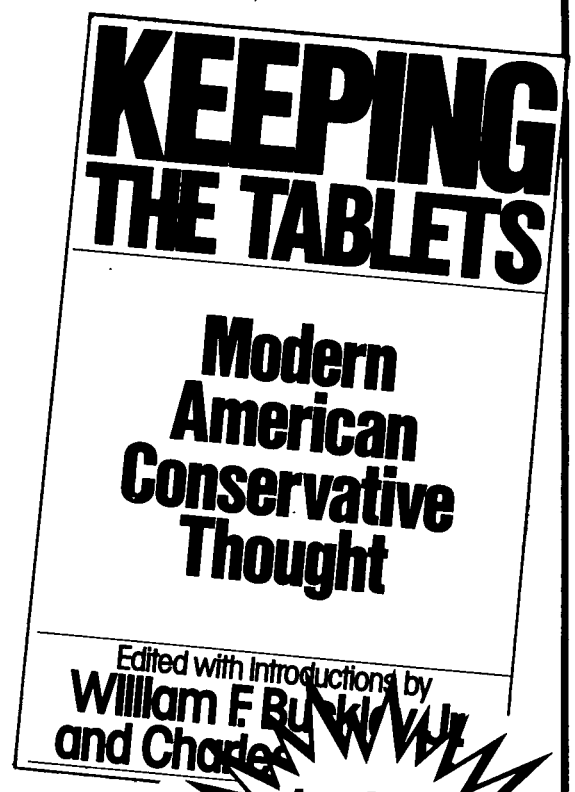
Edward C. Banfield	**Harry V. Jaffa**	**Norman Podhoretz**
Walter Berns	**Willmoore Kendall**	**Paul Craig Roberts**
William F. Buckley, Jr.	**Russell Kirk**	**Joseph Sobran**
James Burnham	**Jeane Kirkpatrick**	**Thomas Sowell**
Whittaker Chambers	**Frank S. Meyer**	**Leo Strauss**
Milton Friedman	**Charles Murray**	**Eric Voegelin**
Jeffrey Hart	**Gerhart Niemeyer**	**Richard M. Weaver**
Friedrich A. Hayek	**Albert Jay Nock**	**George F. Will**

This generous 475-page book doesn't pretend to give you *Conservatism in Ten Easy Lessons*. Quite the contrary. It stretches your mind as you explore the central questions that challenge us and our society.

About a third of the essays are carried over from Buckley's 1970 collection, *Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?* (long out of print). Now new crises have arisen — along with important new thinkers to address them. Charles Kesler in his Introduction brings us up to the minute:

- **The tensions among us: can they be resolved?**
- **Conservatism today: the three principal approaches**
- **What conservatives must do to carry the years after Reagan**

Whatever school of conservative thought you lean toward, this book presents it eloquently — and also records the arguments you must grapple with. In short, a book for *every* conservative who thinks about the principles that underlie the issues of the moment. Why, on the deepest level, do you believe as you do? In these pages, great minds help you explore your roots and give an account of the faith that is in you.



$29.95 *in stores. Yours* **FREE!**

Extra FREE Gift — the $29.95 *Dictionary of American Conservatism*

Over 1,500 short articles by Louis Filler on men, ideas, events. "Full of fascinating and useful material."— Wm. F. Buckley Jr. "Monumental." —Barry Goldwater, 382 oversized pages.

How to get *Keeping the Tablets* PLUS *Dictionary of American Conservatism* FREE — a $59.90 value!

How the Club Works

Every 4 weeks (13 times a year) you get a free copy of the Club Bulletin, which offers you the Featured Selection plus a good choice of Alternates. Books on current issues, religion, economics, Communism, politics, etc. — all of interest to conservatives. ★ If you want the Featured Selection, do nothing. It will come automatically. ★ If you don't want the Featured Selection, or you do want an Alternate, indicate your wishes on the handy card enclosed with your Bulletin and return it by the deadline date. ★ The majority of Club books are offered at 20-50% discounts, plus a charge for shipping and handling. ★ As soon as you buy and pay for 4 books at regular Club prices, your membership may be ended at any time, either by you or by the Club. ★ If you ever receive a Featured Selection without having had 10 days to decide if you want it, you may return it at Club expense for full credit. ★ Good service. No computers! ★ The Club will offer regular Superbargains, mostly at 70-90% discounts plus shipping and handling. Superbargains do NOT count toward fulfilling your Club obligation, but do enable you to buy fine books at giveaway prices. ★ Only one membership per household.

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

15 OAKLAND AVENUE • HARRISON, N.Y. 10528

Please accept my membership in the Club and send, free and postpaid, the $29.95 compendium of conservative thought, *Keeping the Tablets*, PLUS the $29.95 *Dictionary of American Conservatism*. I agree to buy 4 books at regular Club prices over the next 2 years. I also agree to the Club rules spelled out in this coupon. **AS-92**

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____ *Zip* _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You deserve a factual look at. . .

Jerusalem

Whose city—whose "holy city" is it?

It's over twenty years that the city of Jerusalem has been reunited under Israeli administration. But there is still much talk, lately even from our own government, that the solution of the intractable "Middle East Problem" will not be possible until Israeli Jews stop "settlements" in the eastern part of the city, relinquish their "occupation" and restore the holy city—or at the very minimum, its eastern part—to those who claim to be its "rightful owners," the Moslem Arabs.

What are the facts?

■ Before the end of the 1967 Six-Day War, during which the Israeli Defense Forces reconquered Jerusalem from the invading Jordanians, claims to Jerusalem being a Moslem holy city were rarely, if ever, asserted. Jerusalem had always been a city in which many religions and nationalities lived side by side. It was only after the old city was back in Jewish hands that the Moslem Arabs declared their willingness to wage "jihad" (holy war) to bring the city back into Arab possession.

■ The notion to call Jerusalem an Islamic holy city has only come about in modern times and now has gained currency by dint of constant repetition. The basis for the claim is that Jerusalem does indeed contain an Islamic holy site, namely the Al Aksa Mosque. It is close to the place from which Mohammed is believed to have ascended to heaven. Mohammed himself never set foot in Jerusalem. But aware that it was the holy city of Christians and Jews, and wishing to convert them to his new religion, he commanded his followers to build a mosque in Jerusalem. In recognition of the city's holiness to Jews, Moslems built the Al Aksa Mosque. But never in Moslem history did this mosque compare in significance to the Moslem holy cities of Mecca and Medina—cities that no "infidel" may visit.

■ It's on the basis of this religious tradition that the Moslems designated the entire Jewish Temple Mount to be their holy site. The Israeli Government, in its constant spirit of accommodation to Moslem sensibilities, has largely acceded to this tradition and has put the area in and around the Al Aksa Mosque entirely under Moslem control. But how would Christians feel if, instead of from the Temple Mount, the Moslem tradition had Mohammed ascend from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and if the Moslem Arabs were to claim that site as their property? The Christian world, often ready to consent to Moslem claims against Jews and Israelis, would be greatly astonished. But Moslem Arab assertiveness doesn't end there. On the tenuous claim to the Temple Mount, they have construed a claim to the entire city of Jerusalem (or at the very least to its eastern part), which they have declared to be their "third holiest city." And it would be an insult to all Moslems and all Arabs to leave the city in the hands of the "infidel Jews."

■ But the city of Jerusalem—in contrast to such cities as Baghdad, Cairo, and Damascus—has never played any major role in the political and religious lives of the Moslem Arabs. It was never a political center, never even a provincial or sub-provincial capital. It was the site of one Moslem holy place, but otherwise a civic and religious backwater to the Arabs. The passion for Jerusalem was not discovered by the Moslem Arabs until most recent history.

Jews are not the usurpers in Jerusalem. They have been living there since the Biblical era and have been the majority population since the 19th century. Jews have holy sites in most cities of the world. But do they claim sovereignty over those cities because of it? Of course not! It would be preposterous. And the Moslem Arab claim to Jerusalem, based on the Al Aksa Mosque on the Temple Mount, is just as untenable. Jerusalem has been the center of Jewish life, of Jewish yearning, and of Jewish thinking for over 3000 years. That is the reason that the State of Israel has rededicated the Jewish holy city to be its indivisible capital.

Yes, I want to help in the publication of these ads and in clarifying the situation in the Middle East. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of

$ _____. AS/7

My name is _____

I live at _____

In _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: FLAME, P.O. Box 590359, San Francisco, CA 94159

This ad has been published and paid for by

FLAME

Facts and Logic About the Middle East

P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159

FLAME is a tax-deductible, non-profit educational 501(c)(3) organization. Its purpose is to combat media inaccuracies, through public education and publicity. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages in newspapers and magazines. Our overhead is minimal. Almost all of our revenue pays for our educational work and for these clarifying messages.

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR

Volume 23 Number 8, August 1990
Copyright © *The American Spectator* 1990

Editor-in-Chief: R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.
Publisher: Ronald E. Burr

Managing Editor: Wladyslaw Pleszczynski
Copy Editor: Troy P. Gately
Editorial Intern: Mark Miller
Executive Assistant: Jenny Woodward
Advertising Manager: John Funk
Production Manager: Denise M. Ferguson
Assistant Production Manager: Anne L. Wilcox
Business Manager: David P. Shanahan
Circulation Manager: Vanessa A. Bergh
Customer Service Manager: Rex C. Vardeman
Subscription Manager: Joseph W. De Bolt, Jr.
Circulation Assistant: Michael E. Tobin
Assistant to the Publisher: Pamela R. Young
Staff Assistant: Christopher G. Jordan
Business Advisor: Frank Wenzel

Senior Editors: Adam Meyerson, Karl O'Lessker

Art Advisor: Sheila Wolfe
Washington Correspondent: Tom Bethell
New York Correspondent: William Tucker
National Correspondent: Victor Gold
Roving Correspondent: Micah Morrison
New York Editor: Whit Stillman
Indiana Editor: Kent Owen
Rocky Mountain Editor: Dave Shiflett
Movie Critic: Bruce Bawer
Kapellmeister: Baron von Kannon
Chief Saloon Correspondent: Joe Mysak

Contributors:
Aram Bakshian, Jr., Fred Barnes, David Brock, Richard Brookhiser, John R. Dunlap, Terry Eastland, Gregory A. Fossedal, Malcolm Gladwell, George Sim Johnston, Roger Kaplan, Michael Ledeen, Thomas Mallon, William McGurn, William H. Nolte, Franz M. Oppenheimer, P. J. O'Rourke, John Podhoretz, Joe Queenan, Jeremy Rabkin, Andy Stark, Benjamin J. Stein, Irwin M. Stelzer, George Szamuely, Terry Teachout

Legal Counsel:
Solitary, Poor, Nasty, Brutish & Short

• • •

The American Spectator was founded in 1924 by George Jean Nathan and Truman Newberry over a cheap domestic ale in McSorley's Old Ale House. In 1967 the Saturday Evening Club took it over, rechristening it *The Alternative: An American Spectator*; but by November 1977 the word "alternative" had acquired such an esoteric fragrance that in order to discourage unsolicited manuscripts from florists, beauticians, and other creative types the Club reverted to the magazine's original name.

A one-year subscription (12 issues) costs $30; outside the United States, $34. Foreign airmail rates sent on request. Toll free subscription number 800-341-1522. All correspondence (manuscripts, subscriptions, threatening letters, federal grants, etc.) should be sent to *The American Spectator*, P.O. Box 10448, Arlington, Virginia 22210. (703) 243-3733. In accordance with the rights granted by the First Amendment and as a matter of policy, the opinions expressed in the magazine are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the views of the board of directors of *The American Spectator*. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes. U.S.A. newsstand distribution by Eastern News Distributor, Inc., 1130 Cleveland Road, Sandusky, Ohio 44870.

Published remarkably without regard to sex, lifestyle, race, color, creed, physical handicap, or national origin.

Economic reporting funded partially by The Pew Charitable Trusts.

The American Spectator (ISSN 0148-8414) is published monthly at 1101 N. Highland Street, Arlington, Virginia 22210. Second class postage paid at Arlington, Virginia, and additional mailing offices. One-year subscription is $30. Vol. 23, No. 8. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to: The American Spectator, P.O. Box 10448, Arlington, Virginia 22210-1448.

The Audit Bureau

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

C O N T E N T S

Environmental Gore.....Micah Morrison 12
Having failed to distinguish himself from his fellow dwarves in the 1988 primaries, Sen. Al Gore is hoping that radical green rhetoric will do the trick for him in 1992.

Two More if by Sea.....Charles Horner 15
Ten years ago the U.N. Conference on the Law of the Sea was poised to undermine our vital marine interests. Today the problem seems almost quaint—and it has left the United States with two million square miles yet to be explored.

The Politics of Cancer Testing.....Michael Fumento 18
In orchestrating the Great Alar Scare of 1989, outfits like the Natural Resources Defense Council demonstrated a greater interest in terrorizing the public than in saving lives—and a cynical disregard of growing scientific evidence that current testing methods are inadequate and are forestalling the development of more accurate tests.

DEPARTMENTS

The Continuing Crisis..... 6
Correspondence..... 7
Editorials/The Sound and the Fury/The Angry 150.....
.....R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. 8
Capitol Ideas/The Courage of His Convictions....Tom Bethell 9
The Nation's Pulse/East Side Story.....James P. Pinkerton 24
Spectator's Journal/Romania Watch.....Victor Gold 26
The Public Policy/Moynihan and the Conservatives.....
.....Robert W. Kasten, Jr. 27
Presswatch/Confessions of a Network Newsman.....
.....Terry Eastland 29
Soviet Presswatch/Exciting Times.....Cathy Young 32
Among the Intellectuals/Penta Hostilities: Deconstructing the NAS
.....Joe K. 33
Current Wisdom.....Assorted Jackasses 43

BOOK REVIEWS

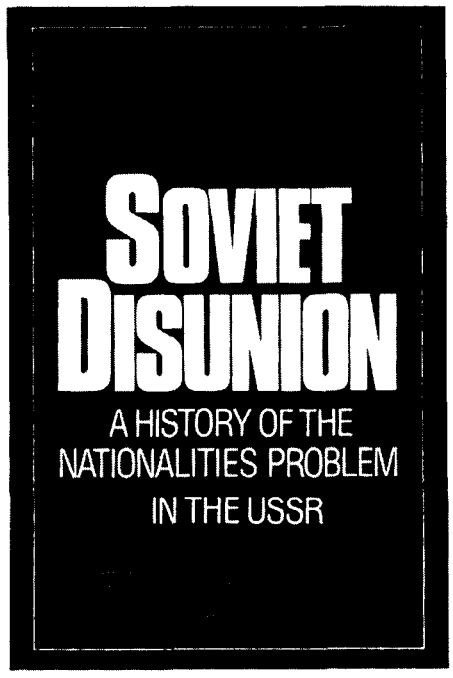
Abortion, by Laurence H. Tribe.....Jeremy A. Rabkin 35
Friends or Strangers, by George J. Borjas.....William McGurn 36
Samurai Widow, by Judith Jacklin Belushi.....Joe Queenan 37
Richard Aldington, by Charles Doyle.....R. J. Stove 38
Abroad in America, edited by Robert Blow...Francis X. Rocca 39
Francois Truffaut, edited by Gilles Jacob and Claude de Givray
.....James Bowman 40

Cover drawing by Elliott Banfield

useful book. It explains how the internal empire developed...and why it is incompatible with the achievement of democratic reform."

—JEANE KIRKPATRICK

The headlines appear almost daily: new outbreaks of violence or demand for independence among the nations of the USSR. Now, the first comprehensive history of the Soviet non-Russian nationalities' struggle for autonomy tells the behind-the-scenes story of this crisis, how it began with Imperial Russia's conquests in Eastern Europe and how it now threatens the future of Perestroika and the Soviet Empire itself.



432 pages. $29.95. Available at bookstores now or call 800-323-7445 (between 9:00 A.M. & 5:30 P.M. EST) to place your credit card order.

FP THE FREE PRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CONTINUING CRISIS

• The holy month of June saw the second coming of Mikhail Gorbachev to America, an event of spiritual dimensions exceeded only by the traveling revival show of the sainted Mandela, his murderous wife Winnie, and their disciple Jesse, a mission guided from afar by the trinity of Arafat, Castro, and Qaddafi. Mr. Gorbachev's visitation concluded in San Francisco, where he met with Our Ron and Their Nancy, and traveled to Their Stanford University though not to Our Hoover Institution. All was not bliss, alas, in view of growing American fascination with the Russian Beelzebub, Boris Yeltsin. No sooner did a senior official in the Bush Administration acknowledge that "Yeltsin isn't some drunken buffoon" than word leaked that Mr. Yeltsin, during his visit to the U.S. last year, relieved himself against a wheel of Mr. David Rockefeller's private jet. "I'm just a Russian peasant, what do I know?" the sly Yeltsin replied when reprimanded by airport personnel.

• The Gorbachev party suffered another grievous loss when the Evil Emperor of Irvine, California, the Hon. Larry Agran, was overthrown in the June 5 mayoral elections. Mr. Agran blamed his defeat on "outside instigators" for circulating an exposé of his politics that appeared in these pages last May, a diagnosis confirmed by a Republican spokesman in Irvine who said the article, written by Mr. David Brock, "singlehandedly won the ouster of the socialist mayor." Mr. Brock is taking no credit, however, and suggests blame ultimately lies with Mr. Gorbachev, who while in California refused to make a last-second campaign stop on behalf of his embattled ally. It might be added that the Agran cause was also hurt by Miss Ilona "Cicciolina" Staller's inability to obtain a U.S. visa while on a visit to divided Canada. Miss Staller, the Italian member of parliament famous for her semi-nude campaign appearances, confined her politicking to Montreal's Sex Gallery, one of those institutions that have turned Quebec into a "distinct society."

• In America we've done Canada one better by extending distinctiveness to select members of the animal kingdom. On June 22, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service declared the Northern Spotted Owl an endangered species. This could cost loggers in the Pacific Northwest 50,000 jobs, all because 2,000 nesting pairs of pockmarked owls are said to require 8.4 million acres of old-growth habitat to survive. That comes to a latifundium of 4,200 acres per owl pair—in other circumstances our progressives would be screaming for land reform. One beast that could use a little more living space is Rapunzel, a 1,725-pound Sumatran rhinoceros that recently found shelter at the Bronx Zoo. She has relatives in a similar bind in zoos in Cincinnati and San Diego. Also needing a permanent home are the 30,000 bees evicted on June 13 from a 107-year-old Victorian house in Bayport, New York.

• The commencement season ended on a hopeful note with the arrest of two Livingston (Louisiana) High School students charged with mischief for sailing paper airplanes at the teachers' section during graduation ceremonies. An American Express poll of high school seniors found that 70 percent listed cash or a new car as their preferred graduation gift, and in New York City the good news was that whereas only one-third of the city's public high school students earn a diploma in four years, 57 percent do so within seven years of entering high school. Schools Chancellor Joseph A. Fernandez now thinks that the traditional four-year system may be too demanding of his charges. "It might take longer for some students," he says. "We have to start looking at learning styles." Just the sort of thing Mr. Jaime O'Neill, a community college teacher in Olympia, Washington, was hoping to hear. Of late his new students have been telling him that Socrates was an American Indian chief, that *The Great Gatsby* was a famous magician, that Andy Warhol wrote *War and Peace*, and that Ralph Nader is a baseball player.

• In another sign of the times, the seniors of Nashua (New Hampshire) High School were allowed to keep the 1967 Beatles hit "With a Little Help From My Friends" as their commencement song only after promising not to sing the line "I get high with a little help from my friends." In its place, they were forced to repeat an earlier line, "I get by with a little help from my friends." June was also National Accordion Awareness Month, a datum that went unnoted at the opening of the San Francisco Lesbian and Gay International Film Festival where awareness focused exclusively on the person of Sen. Jesse Helms. "Jesse Helms is so stupid, that when he sees a sign saying 'Wet Floor,' he does" and "Jesse Helms is into small endowments, not unlike his own" were among the tastier remarks directed at him. Soundtrack tapes of the Fremont County Centennial Pageant in Ashton, Idaho, were found to contain instructions on how to castrate a bull, and in London, England, Mr. Peter Singh, a Sikh, performed as Elvis Presley at a community center. "I don't smoke dope," he moaned, "I don't drink bourbon. All I want to do is shake my turban." A more convincing stunt was pulled by Mr. Stiv Bators, the lead singer for the early punk band the Dead Boys, who became a dead boy for good after being hit by a car in Paris.

• In news from overseas, 250,000 Hong Kongers, ignoring the advice of their quisling British governor "to look to the future," took to the streets on June 4 to commemorate the first anniversary of the massacre in Tiananmen Square, and on June 25 the Bush Administration's China policy won a belated victory when the Peking government permitted the departure of democratic activist Fang Lizhi. Rebel forces in Liberia captured the village of Smell-No-Taste, adjacent to the international airport outside Monrovia, and President Corazon Aquino signed a bill outlawing the Philippine mail-order bride business. Miss Olivia Newton-John, the singer, was appointed United Nations ambassador on the environment. Miss Newton-John's qualifications include an Australian accent, American citizenship, and a Malibu beachfront home that siphons off sand from adjacent properties.

• At long last, Mrs. Kitty Dukakis has thanked the American people for electing George Bush in 1988. "In the final analysis, I was grateful things worked out the way they did," she said. Much as she wanted her husband to win, she went on, "being in the White House and getting into trouble is really hard." Perhaps, like most of us, she underestimates her husband. If he's anything at all like Argentine President Carlos

Murray Kempton, R.I.P.

On June 25, my reputation for objectivity was trampled when the late Mr. Murray Kempton came forward on the pages of *New York Newsday* and denied my report in last month's installment of "The Continuing Crisis" that he had passed away. This is a very serious matter. An American journalist's claim to objectivity is his most important asset, more important to his professional advancement than the capacity to write clearly, to observe, to think, or even to pat one's editor on the back.

And so now this Kempton comes along and besmirches my reputation, claiming that he is not dead. He, however, offers no proof, no documentation, not even a photograph or helpful samples of bodily fluids. His claim is without precedent. For years I have been reporting the deaths of eminent Americans in this section of the magazine and none has ever protested before. Now this so-called Kempton comes along and insists that he is alive. Unsubstantiated assertions like this are what give journalism a bad name. Kempton's sensational claims cannot but damage our profession. Anyone who will take the time to look into the issue will realize that Murray Kempton ceased to be alive many years ago. If I erred at all in my report of his death it was on the side of caution, but one cannot act hastily in these matters.

Kempton has begun a controversy that he obviously cannot win. Read his writing in *Newsday* and the *New York Review of Books*. I have studied them with the utmost care, and, truth be known, the thought has occurred to me that Murray Kempton never has lived. Yet, the truth being an absolute defense against libel, let this Kempton take his preposterous claims to a court of law. Let him sue me for libel and prove that he is alive before a jury of his peers—assuming one can summon them back. *—RET*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Menem, he would have found a way to deal with whatever trouble she might have caused as First Lady. On June 12, Mr. Menem had his wife expelled from the Olivos presidential residence in Buenos Aires. Finally, on June 6, the Institute of Medicine told pregnant women to forget about all those vitamins and to gain more weight, and on that very day Houston police chief Elizabeth Watson officially became the nation's first pregnant police chief. None of this, unfortunately, was of any help in resolving a question which even Freud dared not ask, but which was posed with astounding regularity by the late Rex Harrison, who died on June 2: "Why can't a woman be more like a man?" Dear readers, please advise.

—WP

CORRESPONDENCE

A Sober View

One might get the impression from Elizabeth Kristol's "Declarations of Codependence" (*TAS*, June 1990) that Alcoholics Anonymous is as flaky as any program using Twelve Step "therapy," and this would be unfortunate. As an ex-drunk who has enjoyed . . . yes, enjoyed . . . over thirty-two years of sobriety, I can state without a shred of a doubt that I would have long ago been dead were it not for AA. What's more I know a lot more who would be just as dead were it not for the program. AA, that is.

Since the twelve steps started being applied in other areas, some of which Kristol described, I have been concerned that Alcoholics Anonymous might be in some way adversely affected. My fears seem to be justified by this article.

—Name withheld by request

I couldn't possibly agree more with Miss Kristol's central theme that we have become a nation worshipping addictions, with virtually every reasonably well-educated man and woman in the country becoming all-too-familiar with the ubiquitous buzzwords of the day: co-dependent, enabler, adult children, etc., ad nauseam.

However, the bath water can eject the baby before we relegate it to the sewer. Alcoholics Anonymous is a very common-sensical, spiritually based program which has been the lifeblood for millions of alcoholics who almost certainly would have died without it! Although Miss Kristol didn't directly cast aspersions on the program, her slightly derogatory tone is out of place. . . . It's been my experience that when the subject of alcoholism comes up in intelligent conversation, most people mention at least two close friends or relatives who are alcoholic. And though the solutions aren't nearly the common knowledge I wish they were, anyone familiar with alcoholism knows that AA *empirically* is the only known solution. No psychiatrist, psychologist, medical doctor, counselor, or therapist has ever succeeded in keeping someone sober over an extended period of time. Surely *TAS* readers can understand that just because some flakes and greedy pop-psychologists have perverted the original intent, the life-saving message of the initial program shouldn't be shunted aside with a shrug.

—Gary A. Hofmeister
Indianapolis, Indiana

Thank you, Elizabeth Kristol and *The American Spectator*, from the bottom of my heart. Can you believe that, until I read the June 1990 *TAS*, I had never heard of "codependency"?

But thanks to you, now, even as I write, I can feel the healing begin! A 32-year-old law student is an "adult child" if ever there was one. And how obvious it is, now that I am addicted to hour upon hour of legal research and daily grillings by my instructors.

It certainly is soothing to know that my "hole in the soul" will be filled just as soon as I start doing only the things I feel like doing. As a matter of fact, I'm going to start by blowing off the rest of my studying for tomorrow's Corporations Law exam. I just hope that the Higher Power known as Professor Dunlop understands.

—M. C. Davis
Chicago, Illinois

Elizabeth Kristol replies:

I am glad for the opportunity to clarify what I obviously glossed over in my article: while I clearly intended to ridicule many of the excesses of the Twelve Step movement, I did not mean to cast aspersions on AA, a program designed with great care to meet the needs of a highly specific group of individuals struggling to overcome problems that are serious and disabling. I am aware there are those who would rejoin that *any* problems that contribute to personal unhappiness are the stuff of Twelve Step programs, but I hope my article showed that the casual designation of illness and the indiscriminate seeking of treatment breeds its own set of problems.

As for Mr. Hofmeister's fear that the baby will be ejected from the bath water: I'm just glad I don't have to bathe in Indiana. Sounds pretty scary.

Hail to the Chief

Does Joe Mysak's masthead title of "Chief Saloon Correspondent" mean he hangs out in saloons to gather information? If so, he apparently is careful not to imbibe anything which dulls his senses. His report on the Drexel affair ("Putting Junk to Rest," *TAS*, May 1990) is concisely and superbly written . . . and contains valuable lessons for those in danger of becoming disoriented by unrestrained desires for power or wealth, or both.

—Donald G. Mashburn
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Another Mysak article! Come on! If junk bonds are risky, then probably some investors will lose money. A high yield is the market's way of saying that sharp investors have decided a bond is risky. If you don't like risk, invest elsewhere. If you ignore the market's risk assessment, I'm sorry, but you were warned. And if the government is dumb enough to insure against loss, it deserves to lose.

Those who would presume to protect us just love this stuff. The liberal concludes: those poor investors, that terrible Milken, we should do something about this. Laws get passed preventing speculative abuses. Washington staffs get larger. Those who would presume become those who must be obeyed.

But take this one step further. Who benefits from the restrictions on investments? The last fifty years demonstrate that corporate managers have benefited. Protected by stock ownership restrictions enacted during the 1930s, they now have little to fear from boards of directors. This was not true in earlier periods. Managers who ignored stockholders' interests were quickly disciplined. The absence of this discipline reduces operating efficiency. This explains why average returns to stockholders from LBOs are fifty percent—restructuring restores the discipline formerly provided by the directors.

The junk bonds which concern Mr. Mysak enable these LBOs. They are a means to regain control over managements. Restrictions on junk bonds will protect corporate managers from stockholder demands for efficiency. How many of your readers care to embrace New Deal protectionism? Not this one!

—James T. Moser
East Lansing, Michigan

Moon and Mr. G.

I found that Tom Bethell's article "Moon Over Moscow" (*TAS*, June 1990), captured the experience of the World Media Conference very well, but I have one problem with it. The picture of the Rev. Sun Myung Moon, largely through the eyes of Arnold Beichman and Joachim Maitre, as having been co-opted by Gorbachev's glasnost policies, begs for a response. Maitre's question—"Is this [conference] turning into one more peace front?"—is certainly legitimate. But, as a Unificationist myself, I cannot abide by the implication that Rev. Moon has been duped or that he is pouring big bucks into the Soviet Union merely so he can deliver a "kick in the teeth" to Kim Il Sung. Although Bethell admits that "maybe Rev. Moon won this round after all," I believe the Reverend's activities in Moscow deserve a fuller explanation.

For example, I interpreted Rev. Moon's speech in Moscow before a cultural audience which included Raisa Gorbachev far differently than Maitre, who, Bethell reports, walked out upon hearing that Rev. Moon supported perestroika and was praying for the Soviet people. Rev. Moon has consistently taught that it is Marxism-Leninism itself—not the Soviet people or even their leaders, if they recognize their mistakes and make appropriate changes—that should be considered the real enemy. In the same speech, Rev. Moon also let the audience in on part of the content of his private meeting with Gorby. "I told your husband," he said to Raisa, "that the problems of the Soviet Union can only be solved with God and with prayer . . . [and that] materialist worldviews will only lead to self-destruction." Such public statements in front of Mrs. G. and other members of the nomenklatura do not come from a man who has set aside his anti-Communist principles in order to play it cozy with the Kremlin. For me, they represented a confirmation of Rev. Moon's prophetic role —to proclaim God's message to the rulers of history's most powerful atheistic empire.

I recently saw a videotape of a documentary which was produced by Novosti on the World Media Conference and televised nationally in the USSR. Asked about his opinion of Soviet reforms, Rev. Moon shakes his finger at the interviewer and states, "You must put away the posters which adorn your

(continued on page 41)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIALS

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

To those of us steeped in the study of the great game of politics, the editors of the *New York Times* owe Dr. Pierre A. Rinfret abundant apologies. Admittedly, until the sorely pressed Republican party of New York summoned him from nowhere to rid New York politics of the ambitious and expensive Governor Mario Cuomo, this Dr. Rinfret was not known to me, and I can find no *Who's Who* entry on him anywhere. One need not know the details of this great man's life, however, to know that it is profoundly wrong for the *Times* to allege that Dr. Rinfret is a phony for having exaggerated his educational, professional, and political record.

For that matter what is so wrong with being a phony in politics? According to my calculations, most of our politicians are phonies, as are many of our public figures. Sham is the route to greatness in this era of public relations genius. Ask Donald Trump.

In two pitiless and misleading reports the *Times* disparages Dr. Rinfret for claiming to have advised four Presidents and to have been invited to serve in the Cabinet, though Dr. Rinfret provides little evidence to support his claims. Well, who needs evidence? Or what is evidence? Do any of the multitudes of politicians who boast of their formidable virtues ever provide evidence? Where is the evidence that Senator Edward Kennedy knows anything about the compassion that he speaks so incessantly about? Is he particularly kind to household pets? Does he work in soup kitchens in the off hours? What politician does?

The *Times* also snickers at Dr. Rinfret's use of the title Dr. when there is no evidence that he is one. Well, it is not as though he is claiming to be a medical doctor and thus practicing without a license. He is claiming to be an "economist" and that could mean anything. Economics is not a science; it is more like a religion. Moreover, these titles are increasingly meaningless. Today's Ph.D. is comparable to yesterday's M.A. The members of both houses of Congress insist on being addressed as "the Honorable," though many are hardly honorable. Then too there are those dubious fellows in storefronts and on soapboxes who insist on being addressed as "the Rev.," though they have no real church or congregation or contact with a religious denomination. Has anyone ever questioned the propriety of so secular a fellow as Jesse Jackson insisting on the title "Rev."? Let me be the first.

The Rev. Jackson is not a practicing cleric but rather a politician and a very adept one. If the *Times*'s exposé of Dr. Rinfret's many shaky claims is accurate, it seems to me Dr. Rinfret, too, could become a very adept politician. Paul W. McCracken, formerly chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, when asked about Dr. Rinfret's professional qualifications, says: Rinfret "is very colorful, but he is a little more sound and fury than substance." If this be true, Dr. Rinfret may be a man of destiny.

Embellishment is a prerequisite to political achievement in America. Back in 1976 a rising messiah claimed repeatedly to be a nuclear physicist, though *à la* Dr. Rinfret he did so without benefit of a degree. Later, when he was President and the world was still agog at his mastery of events, Jimmy Carter visited the Pentagon, where he told an audience that he had voluntarily "served in two wars." Actually Jimmy Carter in the last days of World War II was a student at the Naval Academy and during the Korean War he was stationed on the East Coast half a world away from battle. Other great names in political history have misrepresented their military records, for instance Gary Hart. And others have misrepresented their scholastic records, for instance Senator Biden, a proven plagiarist.

But most frequently the American politician embellishes his moral record. Think of Washington's Mayor Barry lecturing us all by day and whooping it up by night. Think of Congressman Barney Frank, whose home was a bawdy house. Think of Senators Kennedy, Biden, and Howard Metzenbaum assaying the moral qualities of Judge Robert Bork and rejecting him as beneath their high standards. No, the only problem I see with Dr. Rinfret's record is that he got caught before he got elected. □

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

THE ANGRY 150

And so President Mikhail Gorbachev has returned to his home base, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, without defecting. Frankly, given conditions back home, I thought that during his meetings with President George Bush he might have sought asylum. With his many successful public appearances over the past few days still shining in my mind, particularly his visits near Palo Alto, California, I believe that he would make an excellent president of Stanford University. He is apparently more broad-minded than the faculty of that repressive institution. Possibly he and his spirited wife, Dr. Raisa Gorbachev, could dissuade the Stanford faculty from viewing the great books of the West through the eyes of racialists and radical feminists. After all, these books created the West's unsurpassed regard for individual freedom, prosperity, and human rights.

Yes, by all means let us have the Gorbachevs here, spreading their pioneering message of tolerance, respect for the individual, and devotion to economic growth. In exchange there are 150 graduating seniors at Wellesley College outside Boston who would make excellent candidates for employment in the police apparatus of the Soviet government, especially if it returns to coercion, as it might. These are the young ladies who recently opposed Mrs. George Bush's commencement address there after she had been duly invited. Not that these 150 angry women would make very good Communists. They are incapable of the orderly thought required of the good Marxist. Yet they are superb bullies; and when they do think, they think narrowly enough to be part-time Communists, which is about the only type of Communist left.

Mrs. Bush has just been put through one of those humiliations that are now regularly imposed upon legitimate representatives of the American people by the indignatos of a brand of New Age Liberalism that has repeatedly failed to convert the American majority and now smolders in those elitist redoubts such as universities insulated from democracy's impositions of tolerance and diversity. Did the Angry 150 notice when Mrs. Bush finally spoke that in wit, intellect, sagacity, and style, she far surpassed them or any of the other New Age indignatos who have fueled their anger and equipped their tiny arsenal of ideas? Did they notice that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

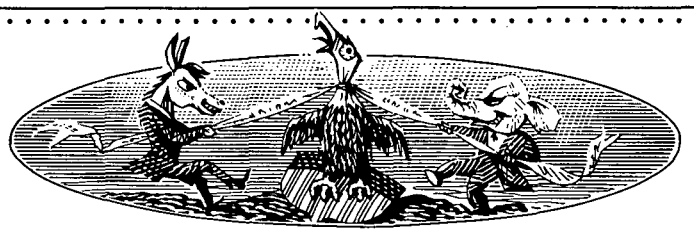
not even that flower of Soviet womanhood, Dr. Gorbachev, shared their peculiar vision of careers before all else and ego above everything?

The Angry 150, who, let us note, have wide support amongst the cadres of militant feminists, do not have a very generous sense of the world nor is their vision very intelligent. They opposed an invitation to Mrs. Bush because she had not arrived at her position in life *on her own*, as though they themselves were all clinically maintained white rats, raised under the strictest laboratory conditions, and with no external circumstances ever affecting their development—not family, personal wealth, distinguished benefactors, affirmative action. Affirmative action? Oh yes, they deny that Mrs. Bush should get a boost in life because of her husband, but they believe they should get a boost because of their gender or, if applicable, their race.

Mrs. Bush did not accept the full humiliation that these bullies impose on the true representatives of the American people when invited to campus. She refused to get up before the audience and accept their dictates on policy. Eschewing their demands for more futile federal programs to endanger further the American family, she boldly declared, "your human connections with spouses, with children, with friends, are the most important investment you will ever make."

The greatest irony of the Wellesley row is that the Angry 150 have raised career above family. They espouse what traditional Liberalism has condemned, to wit, rampant materialism. But what an absurd materialism it is! Over the centuries men and women have lived and died for family. Who but a fool ever died for career? "R.I.P. Charlie Wilson. He Gave His Life That General Motors Might Live." Or how about: "Ms. Millicent von Hansdoodle died in a duel yesterday defending the honor of the accounting profession against slanders allegedly directed against it by smartalecks who were also disrespectful of executive vice presidents." Imagine, our bogus progressives now stand four square for the bourgeois grind. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



THE COURAGE OF HIS CONVICTIONS

by Tom Bethell

President Bush received daily reminders from the tax-consumers inside the Beltway that it was high time for him to raise taxes. Budget negotiators would have to venture "where the money is" and support a "sizable tax increase," the *Washington Post* said, adding a note of urgency: "There isn't much time left. . . . The longer they wait, the closer will be election day." (In Washington, elections are, understandably, perceived as hazardous.) Finally, on June 26, Bush issued a statement calling for "tax revenue increases," and there was a tremendous sense of triumph in Washington. An important principle was thereby unwisely conceded, but budgetarily not much was changed by the statement, which also called for "growth incentives." By this was meant a capital gains tax-rate reduction, for which it would be worth accepting some taxes on gasoline, cigarettes, and alcohol. But the Beltway gloating was understandable, for the President had at least given the impression that he was willing to sacrifice the defining difference between the political parties.

For the last eighteen months or so there has been a great sense of exasperation in Washington because new tax revenues, which since World War II have flowed effortlessly into the capital, have more or less dried up. As a result, Bush has been repeatedly urged to break his campaign promise. Only the other day there was a long, sly article on the *Washington Post*'s op-ed page by Stuart Eizenstat, Jimmy Carter's chief domestic policy adviser, claiming that "the people will forgive a breach in a major campaign commitment if the President can convincingly demonstrate that external circumstances have changed."

New revenues have dried up because bracket creep (inflation combined with static tax rates) has been eliminated by the Reagan reforms. Moreover, the "Laffer Curve" argument—that above a certain tax rate, tax revenues do not increase but actually decline—has been shown to work; in the early sixties, the Kennedy tax cuts ensured a massive increase of revenues. Then, for the remainder of the 1960s and all through the 1970s, bracket creep yielded nonlegislated tax increases year after year. Washington could hardly devise programs quickly enough to keep up with the revenue bonanza.

By 1980, however, the injustice of taxing middle-income earners as though they were rich disturbed the electorate, who voted Ronald Reagan into office. In 1981 he cut the top tax rate from 70 to 50 percent, then cut it once again in the mid 1980s to a top rate (for most taxpayers) of 28 percent. The Laffer Curve proved as accurate in the 1980s as it had in the 1960s, and revenues continued to grow. But, just to be on the safe side, Reagan signed on to five more revenue-raisers, including hefty new Social Security taxes. By the time he left office in early 1989, the revenues flowing into Washington were at least 50 percent higher than they had been when he arrived.

Undoubtedly, revenues could be raised once again by lowering tax rates still further—by reducing the top income tax rate to 20 percent, for example, and the capital gains tax likewise. Bush's recent statement, calling for "tax revenue increases," could in fact be construed as a call for further rate reductions. This will not happen, however, because the desire of politicians to spend the people's money is exceeded by the pleasure so many of them take in appealing to envy. The tax code (Democrats in particular feel) ought to be punitive, even if this *does* detract from revenues. Washington is now in the unprecedented position of having to vote explicitly for tax increases to raise still more revenues. Bracket creep no longer exists—there are only two tax brackets, and the threshold dividing them is indexed to inflation.

In its ravenous desire to spend more and more of the people's money, Washington already enjoys the overwhelming support of the press corps. An interesting aspect of the recent budget struggle, however, has been the way in which the internal dynamics of the news media have worked to impede the necessary "deal" being cut. The phrase that has been used is "immaculate conception." An immaculately conceived budget "compromise" would be one in which all the relevant parties—both from the White House and Capitol Hill—met in private and struck a bargain in which taxes were raised, some (not much!) spending was cut, and everyone agreed to the outcome. All participants would march out to face the cameras in unison, announcing that everything was unanimous. There would be no "finger-pointing." The actual negotiating steps would remain invisible and completely inscrutable to the voters.

Bush himself obviously pines for invisible negotiations yielding unanimous conclusions, and he has had some success in imposing this *modus operandi* on his administration. But he can't impose it on the legislative branch, with whom in this instance he must negotiate. Every time the dealers get together for a session, legislators leak the details of who said what to their sources in the news media. As a result, the necessary secrecy has proved unattainable. The whole proceedings might as well be conducted in front of live television cameras. And when President Bush issued his ill-advised June 26 statement, there was finger-pointing galore, with lots of Democrats on camera saying (nudge-nudge, wink-wink) that they weren't going to blame Bush for breaking his campaign promise. One wonders if Bush will learn from this experience.

As I write, the likelihood that the budget negotiations will produce much change in the tax code seems fairly small. Ultimately, everything will depend on the President. What, then, are we to make of the man? Let us note first of all key differences between George Herbert Walker Bush

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the President he succeeded.

Reagan came to Washington advertising his disagreements with Washington. He hired conservative speech writers, but his chiefs of staff were (with the partial exception of Don Regan) loyal advocates of the Beltway crowd. Reagan seemed to enjoy rhetorical conflict, but actual conflict he avoided as much as possible. His opinions were "set in concrete," but the sound we heard was that of concrete cracking. His lips said *no, no* but his pen said *yes, yes*. Political capital was something he loved to hoard and hated to spend. He campaigned outside the Beltway and governed within it. He seemed to prize his popularity above all things.

After his re-election in 1984, when he no longer needed the voters and already had the conservatives in one pocket, he seemed eager to win the liberals into the other. He (or Nancy, or both) bought the spurious argument that his "place in history" depended on his embracing liberal initiatives. The Middle East hostages he seemed to regard as Rose Garden photo opportunities, and he paid a price for that mistake. One is tempted to say that Reagan had convictions, but did not have the courage of his convictions. The media bristled at Reagan when he arrived—he "was nothing but an actor." But they applauded his performance when he left.

By contrast, President Bush came to the Oval Office promising reconciliation rather than conflict. He would work *with* Washington rather than against it. Out went the conservative speech writers. The media gave Bush a warm ovation—now there would be openness and press conferences galore. If political disagreements arose (Bush seemed to believe), misunderstanding must be the root cause. Patient negotiations would therefore resolve all difficulties. People everywhere—inside the Beltway and out—were basically looking for the same thing: a problem-solving government. So there would be talks with Palestinians and dialogue with Capitol Hill, and Bush himself would be known as the education President.

Bush comes from a generation (probably under the influence of the New Deal and World War II) which places great faith in consensus, in the adequacy of good intentions, and in the benign effects of big government. He comes from a class and background which seemed privileged at the outset of the twentieth century, but irrelevant as we approach its close. His father, Prescott Bush, who represented Connecticut in the U.S. Senate (he retired in 1962), was an upright gentleman who played by the rules and assumed (with ample precedent) that those he dealt with would do likewise. In his milieu, most of the rules were unwritten and observed without question. True, Hobey Baker had been deliberately tripped on the hockey field of St. Paul's, but that was an aberration. Prescott Bush's idea of a revolution was to revolutionize the bass part in the barbershop quartet and to change the stymie rule in golf. He was a senior prefect, a good athlete, a member of the Whiffenpoofs and Skull and Bones and the Yale Glee Club, had briefly considered the Episcopalian ministry, was a partner of Brown Brothers, Harriman, and president of the U.S. Golf Association.

Politically, Prescott Bush "never tried to prepare his sons for anything but good citizenry," according to Fitzhugh Green's recent biography, *George Bush* (from which some of this material is taken). Politics was construed as public service—a matter of giving something back to the system that had given one so much to begin with. In his business days, Prescott Bush would spend twelve hours a day in Manhattan and then devote evenings to hospital work or local town council meetings. He was one of those very decent Republicans who at all times did the right thing: resisted Joe McCarthy, supported civil rights, and when the Democrats became a little too enthu-

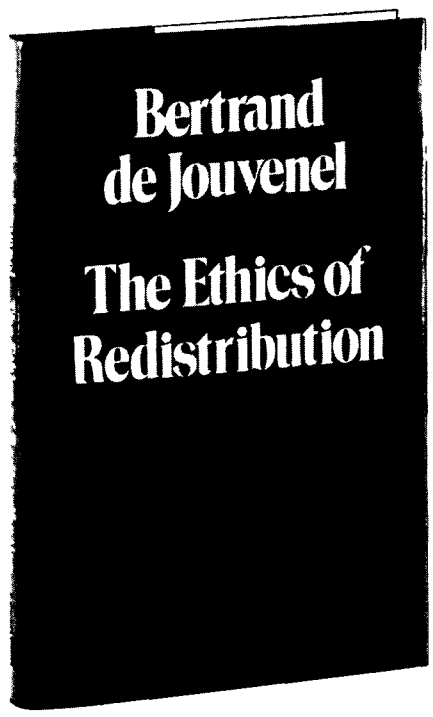
NEW FROM **LIBERTY FUND**

THE ETHICS OF REDISTRIBUTION

by Bertrand de Jouvenel
Introduction by John Gray

The distinguished French political philosopher Bertrand de Jouvenel shows, through many varied and insightful arguments, that redistribution is ethically indefensible for, and practically unworkable in, a complex society. In fact, it would result, not in the redistribution of income, but in the redistribution of power from individuals and the marketplace to the State and centralized decision-making.

> "This seminal little work remains extraordinarily fertile and suggestive of further thought and inquiry as we can see from its many points of affinity with the more recent work of Buchanan, Hayek, Nozick, Rawls, and others. It is an important contribution to discussion about the redistributionist state and its implications for liberty."
>
> —*John Gray, from his new Introduction*



98 + xviii pages. Foreward and preface to the 1st Edition, introduction, appendix, index.
Hardcover $12.00 0-86597-084-x
Paperback $ 5.00 0-86597-085-8
Liberty*Press*, 1989

ALSO AVAILABLE

WHAT SHOULD ECONOMISTS DO?

By James M. Buchanan
Preface by H. Geoffrey Brennan and Robert D. Tollison

Sixteen essays on the relevance of economics from the 1986 Nobel Prize winner in economics.

292 pages. **Hardcover $14.00**
Liberty*Press*, 1979 **Paperback $ 6.50**

TEACHER IN AMERICA

By Jacques Barzun
With a new Introduction by the author

Dr. Barzun writes about teaching, as it is done, as it should be done, and as it should not be done.

476 + xxvi pages. **Hardcover $14.00**
Liberty*Press*, 1981 **Paperback $ 6.00**

Please send me:

Quantity Ordered	Title	Edition	Price	Amount
	The Ethics of Redistribution	Hardcover	$12.00	
		Paperback	$ 5.00	
	What Should Economists Do?	Hardcover	$14.00	
		Paperback	$ 6.50	
	Teacher in America	Hardcover	$14.00	
		Paperback	$ 6.00	
			Subtotal	
			Indiana residents add 5% sales tax	
			Total	

☐ Enclosed is my check or money order made payable to Liberty Fund, Inc.
☐ Please send me a copy of your current catalogue.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State/Zip _____

Mail to: Liberty Fund, Inc.
7440 North Shadeland Avenue, Dept. BB101
Indianapolis, IN 46250

We pay book rate postage.
Please allow approximately 4 weeks for delivery.
All orders must be prepaid in U.S. dollars.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

siastic on the spending side, why, he would understand the need to restore a measure of fiscal balance on the revenue side. Responsible Republicanism! (The kind that Senator Dole emulates and Congressman Gingrich does not.)

One is tempted to say that Prescott Bush didn't prepare his sons for the real world at all. Modest George went on to Greenwich Country Day, then to Phillips Academy at Andover, school motto *Non Sibi* (not for oneself). He played by the book and played to win: president of senior class, president of Greeks, captain of baseball and soccer. Competitive! Met Barbara at Greenwich Country Club, rustle of *crepe de chine*, Glenn Miller tunes, military uniforms, Secretary of War Stimson delivers 1942 commencement address at Andover, George volunteers, youngest pilot in the Navy, Wings, June 1943; flew fifty-eight combat missions, Distinguished Flying Cross, shot down twice over the Pacific, the second time two crew members killed, nearby submarine rescues GHWB from grim fate . . .

In light of this it's presumptuous to claim that the President has led a sheltered life. True, he majored in economics at Yale, but after graduating he did something that must have surprised his thousands of friends. He headed off for Odessa, Texas, in his red 1947 Studebaker. Starting out as a laborer for Dresser Industries, he lived with Barbara on a dirt road "in a frame building, bare boards nailed together without insulation" (Green writes). Wall Street would have been easier—and you might say he had the contacts. Later he formed his own business, entering the competitive arena of the independent oilmen in Midland, Texas.

Bush's career has demonstrated an outstanding ability to play by the rules. Now he is in a position where he must formulate them. Presumably he realizes that he is "playing" with people—including a good many of the Democrats on Capitol Hill these days—whose ideas about the rules of politics are radically different from anything his father would have encountered in the 1950s. The old consensus can no longer be sustained. For example, Bush is now confronted with a "civil rights" bill that mandates a great expansion of government power—the exact opposite of what "civil rights" are supposed to do.

Conservatives are uneasy about Bush, worrying whether he understands that the rules are no longer those that went without saying in the Greenwich Country Club. There are grounds for uneasiness. When he said he wanted to become the "education President," Bush obviously thought that mere goodwill was sufficient, not realizing that socialism can no more be made to work in the field of education than in any other.

But he has also shown signs of an indispensable quality—courage. If Reagan lacked the courage of his convictions, Bush has shown that he has the courage—when he can muster the necessary convictions. His decision to maintain China's most-favored-nation trading status was nothing if not courageous. It was also the correct call. (In foreign affairs more generally, Bush may not have to do very much at all—just let James Baker jet back and forth from one international conference to another, pretending to shape events that are fortunately outside his control.)

But the decisive events of Bush's presidency will be domestic, and they lie immediately ahead. Let us hope that he heeds the advice of his chief of staff, John Sununu. If Bush can in practice win a capital gains tax cut with insignificant sin taxes, hold down spending, and rule out civil privileges masquerading as civil rights—if he can restore the old rules in public life as well as he could play by them in private life—he will have earned our thanks. We shall see. □

Presidio ★ Press: America's Foremost Publisher of Military History

31 Pamaron Way, Novato, CA 94949-6255. Phone (415) 883-1373. Fax (415) 883-3626 Order Toll-free 1-800-966-5179

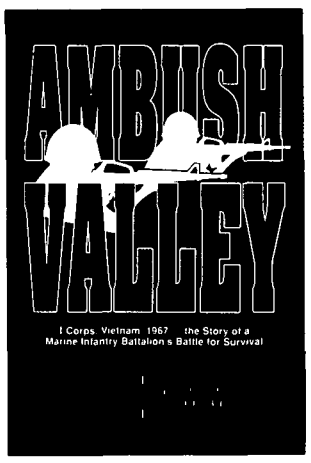
- ❑ **ALPHA STRIKE VIETNAM** The Navy's Air War, 1964-73 Jeffrey L. Levinson 336 pages, $18.95
- ❑ **AMBUSH VALLEY** I Corps, Vietnam, the Story of a Marine Infantry Battalion's Battle for Survival Eric Hammel 335 pages, $22.50
- ❑ **ANATOMY OF A DIVISION** 1st Cav in Vietnam Shelby L. Stanton 272 pages, $17.95

- ❑ **CHOSIN** Heroic Ordeal of the Korean War Eric Hammel 480 pages, $24.95
- ❑ **DEATH VALLEY** The Summer Offensive, I Corps, August 1969 Keith William Nolan 294 pages, $17.95
- ❑ **ESCAPE FROM LAOS** Dieter Dengler 228 pages, $9.95
- ❑ **GREEN BERETS AT WAR** U.S. Army Special Forces in Asia: 1956-75 Shelby L. Stanton 376 pages, $22.50
- ❑ **THE GRUNTS** Charles R. Anderson 208 pages, $14.95
- ❑ **HAMBURGER HILL** May 11-20, 1969 Samuel Zaffiri 328 pages, $18.95

- **INSIDE SPETSNAZ** Soviet Special Operations Forces Edited by William Burgess III 312 pages, $24.95
- ❑ **INTO CAMBODIA** Spring Campaign, Summer Offensive, 1970 Keith William Nolan 500 pages, $24.95
- ❑ **INTO LAOS** The Story of Dewey Canyon II/Lam Son 719, Vietnam 1971 Keith William Nolan 408 pages, $18.95
- ❑ **LINE DOGGIE** Foot Soldier in Vietnam Charles Gadd 208 pages, $15.95
- ❑ **A LONELY KIND OF WAR** Forward Air Controller, Vietnam Marshall Harrison 296 pages, $18.95
- ❑ **THE MY LAI INQUIRY** Lt. Gen. W.R. Peers, USA 320 pages, $12.95

- **76 HOURS** The Invasion of Tarawa Eric Hammel and John E. Lane 288 pages, $22.95
- ❑ **STRATEGY FOR DEFEAT** Vietnam in Retrospect Adm. U.S. G. Sharp 348 pages, $11.95
- ❑ **SUMMONS OF THE TRUMPET** U.S.-Vietnam in Perspective Dave Richard Palmer 294 pages, $17.95
- ❑ **TANK SERGEANT** Ralph Zumbro 224 pages, $16.95

- **BILL MAULDIN'S ARMY** Bill Mauldin's Greatest World War II Cartoons Bill Mauldin 384 pages, $14.95



new

AMBUSH VALLEY

I Corps, Vietnam, 1967— the Story of a Marine Infantry Battalion's Battle for Survival

Eric Hammel

Harrowing eyewitness account...[the battle's veterans'] firsthand recollections afford a vivid, unsparing record.
Kirkus Reviews

The voices reflect bravery, loss, the sense of overcoming impossible obstacles; a solid entry in writings on the Vietnam War by an experienced military historian.
Library Journal

The desperate defensive tactics as well as the raw emotions of the men are vividly conveyed in this memorable mosaic of concentrated warfare.
Publishers Weekly

$22.50, cloth, 6x9, maps, photos, 335 pages

PRESIDIO PRESS GUARANTEES YOUR SATISFACTION

GUARANTEE: Our high standards of editorial care, quality printing and binding, and overall excellence assure your satisfaction. If for any reason you are not completely satisfied, return the book with invoice number to Presidio Press, P.O. BOX 1764CX, Novato, CA 94948, within 15 days after you receive it, and we'll refund your full purchase price.

Presidio Press, P.O. Box 1764CX, Novato, CA 94948 Phone Orders Toll Free (1-800-966-5179)

QTY	TITLE	PRICE	TOTAL

SUBTOTAL	
CA RES. 6.25%TAX	
SHIPPING/HNDLG	$ 2.50
TOTAL (U.S. DOL)	$

Method of payment check one: ❑ Visa ❑ M.C. ❑ Am. Express ❑ Ck/M.O. (U.S. $ only)

Exp. Date Mo. _____ Yr. _____

Card No. |__|__|__|__|__|__|__|__|__|__|__|__|__|__|__|__|

Authorized Signature _____

Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery.

Name _____

Address _____

City/State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Micah Morrison

ENVIRONMENTAL GORE

Having failed to distinguish himself from his fellow dwarves in the 1988 primaries, Sen. Al Gore is hoping that radical green rhetoric will do the trick for him in 1992.

Nashville

In the two years since his run for the White House crashed and burned in the New York primaries, Tennessee's Albert Gore, Jr. has emerged as the greenest of the Democratic presidential hopefuls for 1992. Gore thinks the ecological fate of the earth is the key issue of the 1990s, but his bid to become the "environmental candidate" has led him on a leftward journey through a lurid and occasionally vulgar rhetorical landscape. Rather than charting the future of the Democratic party, he seems to be repeating its worst mistakes.

Soon after the 1988 debacle, Gore and his advisers apparently seized on the environment as the issue to set the senator apart from the Democratic pack. In fairness, Gore has shown a passing interest in environmental matters since his arrival in Washington in 1976 as a member of the House of Representatives. Yet, contrary to the impression the Gore camp seeks to convey, environmentalism was a minor item in his 1988 campaign. In his basic stump speech, the environment is mentioned only once, in the penultimate paragraph, amid a laundry list of pledges " . . . to build the best education system in the entire world; . . . to improve access to health care and combat the AIDS epidemic; to seize new opportunities for arms control; . . . to protect our environment; to make continued progress on civil rights . . . " Hardly an environmental call-to-arms from young Albert.

The first notes of Gore's new song were sounded before the presidential election year had closed, in a December 26 article for the *New Republic*, an early and enthusiastic backer of his White House bid. In a short piece about his recent trip to Antarctica—Gore would soon be jetting off to Brazil and Moscow in search of ecological enlightenment—we see Albert in "the coldest place on earth . . . hunt[ing] for information about global warming." Antarctica, he noted, is the "frontier of the global ecological crisis," adding that awaiting us are three potential catastrophes: rising seas; carbon dioxide-choked oceans; and a change in the "very pattern of the world weather system." The real question, Gore concluded, is "whether the world's political system can find a new equilibrium before the world's climate system loses its current one."

Less than a week later, Gore was featured in *Time*'s "Planet of the Year" issue as "one of the most ardent environmentalists in Congress." The "fact that we face an ecological crisis without any precedent in historic times is no longer a matter of dispute worthy of recognition," Gore said. "And those who, for the purpose of maintaining balance in debate, take the contrarian view that there is significant uncertainty about whether it's real are hurting our ability to respond." Gore's dismissal of valid doubts wasn't a credit to his statesmanship or his science, but it was politically opportune. The environmental movement was gathering steam, and Gore was determined to stay at the head of it. His radical greening had begun in earnest.

Evocations of "crisis" and "catastrophe" were not enough, and Gore soon turned up the rhetorical volume. We are now facing "the horrendous prospect of an ecological collapse," Gore told a National Academy of Sciences forum on global climate change a few months later. "Nuclear war is an apocalyptic subject, and so is global environmental destruction. We are dealing here with increasingly credible forecasts of climatic dislocations, vast changes in growing cycles, inundations of coastal areas and the loss to the sea of vast territories—some of them very heavily developed and populated." An alarm must be sounded "loudly and clearly—of imminent and grave danger."

Gore echoes the radical environmental argument, which lays the blame for an allegedly enormous ecological devastation at the feet of industry and technology, more precisely at the feet of industrial capitalism itself. A typical Gore summary—without nuance or light—appeared in a *Washington Post* article: "The world's forests are being destroyed; an enormous hole is opening in the ozone layer. Living species are dying at an unprecedented rate. Chemical wastes, in growing volumes, are seeping downward to poison groundwater while huge quantities of carbon dioxide, methane and chlorofluorocarbons [CFCs] are trapping heat in the atmosphere and raising global temperatures. . . . It took 10,000 human lifetimes for the population to reach 2 billion. Now in the course of one lifetime, yours and mine, it is rocketing from 2 billion to 10 billion . . . " Gore also routinely includes in this litany the death by starvation or malnutrition of "40,000 babies . . . every day." Rainforest destruction. Ozone depletion. Species extinction. Population explosion. Dead children. Gore bangs out the dark refrains of his eco-apocalypse whenever he has a national audience.

Gore's descent into apocalyptic demagoguery hit a new low last year on the op-ed pages of the *New York Times*, when he compared the planet's ecological condition to the rise of Hitler in the 1930s. "Humankind has suddenly entered into a brand-new relationship with our planet," he wrote in a fulmination entitled "An Ecological

Micah Morrison is The American Spectator*'s roving correspondent. He is working on a book about the Yellowstone fires and environmental politics for Harper & Row.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kristallnacht: Listen." "Unless we quickly and profoundly change the course of our civilization," he proclaimed, "we face an immediate and grave danger of destroying the worldwide ecological system that sustains life as we know it." In 1939, with war clouds gathering, no one "could imagine a Holocaust, even after shattered glass had filled the streets on Kristallnacht." Fifty years later, "clouds of a different sort signal an environmental holocaust without precedent." The fault in both cases, Gore murkily noted, is not in the stars but in ourselves: "Even now, many fail to acknowledge that our victory was not only over Nazism but also over dark forces deep within us."

It's difficult to tell whether these remarks demonstrate merely immense insensitivity, or sheer stupidity, or something a bit craftier. In this scenario, if we are living in an ecological Kristallnacht, then Hitler is represented not so much by the "dark forces" within us but by earth-consuming industrial capitalism—that is, by Big Business, or, say, by the Republicans. It's an idea that could appeal only to an extremist. The ideological implications extend way beyond the fringe of Democratic party politics and into the brave new world of green radicalism. Disturbingly, in the same article, Gore makes what almost sounds like a call for planetary *Lebensraum*—"In the last 40 years, world population has doubled . . . in the next 40 years it could double again." His political ambitions seem to have absconded with his basic decency. "Why, once again," he writes, "do we fail to rally our forces? Much of the world closed its eyes as Hitler marched because the only adequate response was a horrible war many hoped to avoid. Do we now shrink from the unimaginably difficult response demanded by the global environmental crisis, and hope against hope that it will yet prove unnecessary?"

Holocaust metaphors are the dark side of Gore. Down in Nashville, all is sweetness and light, and Gore hasn't sounded the alarm bells quite so stridently. Reporting on Gore's global warming campaign, Nashville's *Tennessean* noted the campaign's "universal appeal," but pointed out that the senator "is less fervent about some matters that strike closer to home. For example, the furor over whether Champion International of Canton, N.C., is polluting the Pigeon River—an issue that has tempers soaring on both sides—is clearly not at the top of Gore's agenda. . . . He is similarly cautious about acid-rain legislation, which many utilities oppose on the grounds that rates would rise dramatically if the industry were forced to install the scrubbing devices necessary to reduce acid-rain levels." Suddenly, the Al Gore who thunders in the *New York Times* about our scandalous standard of living, "dependent on rapid consumption of the earth's resources," and calls for an abrupt about-face, is telling the *Tennessean* that "there has to be a balance between the scrubber technology and fuel substitution. We really ought to be looking at the most economic way to [reduce acid-rain levels], giving utilities some flexibility in reducing emissions." How thoughtful and measured. Too bad we don't get to read it in the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*.

The Institute of Southern Studies in North Carolina, which recently released a study "grading" the states and political leaders on environmental performance, ranked Tennessee poorly, with a score of 38.9 out of a possible 100. Gore has not made his mark on local concerns, though he gets an "A" for effort. He's fine on the fancy footwork on the global items, in other words, but the Tennessee environment is not in great shape.

When the local landscape does look good, little of the credit goes to Gore—although he's not above trying to claim it. *Sports Illustrated* recently ran a story about Chattanooga's successful city-wide effort to clean up its industry-fouled air. Gore, though not mentioned in the article, was quick to fire off a letter to the *Time* affiliate praising both Chattanooga's "environmentally conscious citizens" and the sports magazine's "outstanding coverage of the environment."

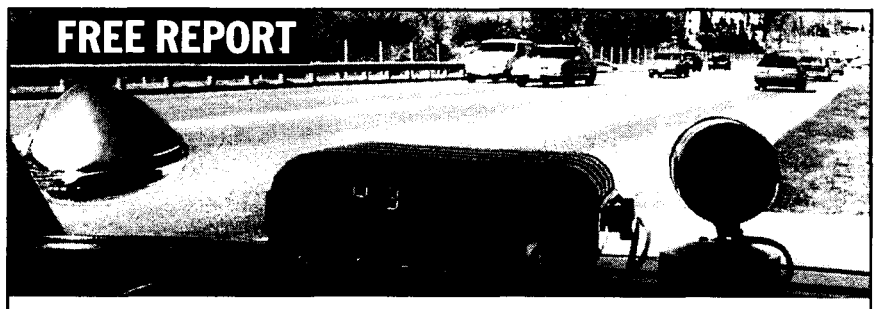
At home, or when addressing a home audience, Gore doesn't bother folks with visions of global doom. He just tends to business, frequently visiting, battling in the Senate on popular local issues such as cable TV re-regulation, and protecting jobs. In this new Sushi South, at least seventy-two Japanese companies have invested $2.3 billion in Tennessee, creating 15,000 jobs, and Japan, Inc. occasionally puts Gore in tricky political waters. In 1988, at the height of the uproar over Toshiba's sale of high-tech equipment to the Soviets, Gore protected 200 jobs at a Tennessee microwave oven plant, a Toshiba subsidiary, by winning an exemption from the ban on sales of the company's products at U.S. military posts.

Gore's stumping has nothing to do with the local game (he is virtually unopposed for re-election this year) and everything to do with the national one. Gore is one of the few Washington politicians identified as "progressive" on environmental issues by the radical camp. He is way out in front of the other Beltway progressives on name-recognition, the most noteworthy of whom include Senators Tim Wirth of Colorado, Patrick Leahy of Vermont, and Harry Reid of Nevada; and, in the House, Bruce Vento of Minnesota, Peter Kostmayer of Pennsylvania, and Wayne Owens of Utah.

Rather than charting the future of the Democratic party, Gore seems to be repeating its worst mistakes.

Gore is also ahead of his colleagues in offering "solutions." First, there needs to be a "new globalism." As Gore noted in the *New Republic* last year, this globalism "will be an enlightened, informed extension of our desire to survive," based not on "an unlimited struggle for supremacy" but on "cooperation" and "mutual consent." It must also involve a new concept of national security. The "notion of mutual security," he wrote, "must now move from an exclusive concern with security as an issue of peace and war to a definition of security that includes the global environment." The enlightened, Jeffersonian globalist will be in touch with nature. "We must also learn once again to see ourselves as a part of the vast, interconnecting ecological system that sustains us and regain our sense of place in the natural world," Gore wrote in the April 1990 issue of *Scientific American*. "In short, we must regain our eco-librium." Gorby has been pretty good on globalist cooperation, says Gore. In Moscow earlier this year he "delivered a message of environmental awareness [that] demonstrated an understanding and sensitivity rarely seen among world leaders."

No wonder. The "new globalism" is woven from Gorbachevian cloth and the greening of left radicalism. America, ever the capitalist offender, now commits its imperial crimes primarily on the environmental front, not the Cold War one. In a recent interview with *Time*, Gorbachev stressed "the conflict between consumer society and nature," noting that it would be a "catastrophe if all the countries of the world tried to achieve the standard of living of the U.S. America already consumes a disproportionate percentage of the world's energy resources." Mikhail Sergeyevich, like Albert, speaks of the "need for radically reassessing the relationship between mankind and the planet," a need made manifest by "Chernobyl, acid-rain, ozone-layer depletion, the greenhouse effect, vanishing forests and freshwater shortages." Gorbachev observed, "The ecological movement is now on the rise." With Moscow so green, can Berkeley and Boston be far behind?



The Wrong Driver Is About to Get a Ticket (really, it isn't the policeman's fault)

Radar displays a speed, but doesn't say which car it is clocking. Who gets the ticket? It's a guess—sometimes the wrong guess.

Our engineers have prepared a full report on traffic radar. We feel every driver should have a copy. It's just off the press, written in plain English. Some of its conclusions may startle you. If you want one, it's yours free.

Why You Should Have This Report

As a motorist, you should know how radar works...and why radar operators don't always guess right. If they're wrong just 1% of the time, that's 100,000 undeserved tickets each year.

Call or write for your free report today.

(At Cincinnati Microwave, we make Escort, Passport, and the remarkable new miniaturized Solo radar detectors.)

FOR YOUR FREE COPY OF THIS COMPLETE REPORT MAIL COUPON OR CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-543-1608

Cincinnati Microwave
Department 637880
One Microwave Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio 45249

Send my free copy of your private Traffic Radar Report

Name

Address

City

State, Zip

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gore proposes a "Strategic Environment Initiative" (SEI), not to be confused with SDI. Whenever he mentions SEI, Gore hastens to add that he opposes SDI. "Let's face it," he noted in Washington's *Roll Call* newspaper, "the Strategic Defense Initiative can't assure our survival into the 21st century. A Strategic Environment Initiative can. . . . But even as a critic of [SDI], I recognize it drew together facilities and resources which had been scattered and succeeded in attracting a generous share of the government's budget for research and development."

When it comes to the only currently viable "alternative energy resource"—nuclear power—Gore invariably edges away from serious discussion. Nuke energy, if mentioned at all, is usually buried deep in a speech or article, and set off in some not-too-distant solar-powered future. Of course, that's not the only indication that the senator is merely playing hardball with the environment.

Many of the details of SEI remain vague, although, based on S.201, the World Environment Policy Act introduced by Gore last year, it would include: a ban on CFCs and other ozone-depletors within five years, massive reforestation programs, large-scale recycling programs, mandated fuel-efficiency targets to reduce carbon dioxide emissions, and major funding for development of alternative energy resources. It doesn't have a chance of passing Congress, but it will make wonderful campaign literature.

While few Americans would disagree with the proposition that steps should be taken to address ecological deterioration, is it a "crisis"? An "imminent and grave danger"? The evidence is not convincing. Gore frequently moans that the earth's forests are being bulldozed and burned down "at the rate of one football field's worth every second, one Tennessee's worth every year," as if this were some heinous new development. Mankind has engaged in slash-and-burn agriculture for millennia without disaster striking, and with a healthy amount of reforestation often following in the wake of permanent settlement. This is true even of Gore's Tennessee: In *Travels to the West of the Allegheny Mountains* (1805), François Micheaux observed that "the spacious meadows in Kentucky and Tennessee owe their birth to some great conflagration that has consumed the forests, and they are kept up as meadows by the custom that is still practiced of annually setting them on fire." Rural Tennessee today is a rich quilt of pasture and forestland, and while the ecological characteristics of the rainforests differ from those of Gore country, the main impetus in Brazilian expansion is not all that much different from that of the early Tennesseans.

If we are living in an ecological Kristallnacht, then Hitler is represented by earth-consuming industrial capitalism—that is, by Big Business, or, say, by the Republicans.

Similarly, the greenhouse effect and ozone depletion should be approached cautiously. Not by Albert. "Global climate change is real," he wrote in the *New York Times* on Earth Day. "It is the single most serious manifestation of a larger problem: the collision course between industrial civilization and the ecological system that supports life as we know it."

The truth is, the scientific jury is still out on whether the global atmosphere is warming up, and confused about whether this would be good or bad. Global climate change occurs over decades, and, while our monitoring equipment has tremendously increased in sophistication, we just haven't been at it long enough to establish a useful scientific record. Nature puts about twenty-five times more carbon dioxide in the air than man, and some scientists think nature may just absorb our industrial excretions. Then there is the school of thought that ventures that global warming may be a good thing, stimulating crop growth and forestation in the northern latitudes. To confuse matters further, there is, as Gregg Easterbrook recently noted in the *New Republic*, "the incredibly annoying possibility that acid-rain prevents global warming"—sulfur dioxide might increase the reflectivity of the cloud layer, sending solar heat back into space.

Ozone depletion is likewise a case of scary, partly persuasive, and incomplete evidence. There is scientific consensus that there is a big hole in the ozone layer over the South Pole and a smaller one over the North Pole, and that CFCs break down the ozone layer, which screens out ultraviolet rays. But again, the scientific territory is full of uncharted areas. Do volcanoes and the oceans naturally emit more chlorine, the destructive element in CFCs, than manmade products? Are we simply in the middle of a solar cycle of ozone depletion? Is a small increase in the amount of ultraviolet rays really dangerous?

It will be hard for Gore to ride the environmental "crisis" into the White House in 1992 or 1996. His opportunism is bound to draw him into deep trouble, as he will have to shift more and more to the left to satisfy the demands of the radicals in the nominating wing of the party. The recent surge of the environmental movement appears certain to increase the Democrats' lust for its votes, and once again the candidates will run to the left to win the nomination, only to find themselves unable to move to the center to win the election.

The environmental movement will be of no help. In its fold are myriad socialist, anarchist, New Left, and New Age elements, and they are sure to be unruly—a situation which, once again, the Republicans will gleefully take advantage of. Organizationally, the new green popularity Gore seeks to tap is represented by outfits such as Greenpeace and the Rainforest Action Network, whose officials do little to hide their larger agenda of overturning the real culprit in environmental carnage, industrial capitalism—that's the underside of all the benign chatter about "globalism" and "economic sustainability" (Greenspeak for stopping economic growth). The "Green Revolution" now embraces not only such picaresque characters as the let's-legalize-reefer crowd ("Hemp for Ecology"), but also dangerous nutcases such as Earth First! and the Deep Ecology movement. Earth First! advocates direct violent action against ecological offenders—a bomb in a car in Oakland apparently went off a little early recently, and injured two Firsters. Some Deep Ecologists welcome epic Malthusian disasters and think things like AIDS might, well, not be such a bad thing, since they reduce the human population. This is not to suggest Gore endorses these ideas, but in 1992 he and other Democrats might find themselves in the Dance of Political Death with the environmentalists, seeking to avoid the far left's toxic embrace while retaining the liberal edge on the issue.

If the liberal edge remains by 1992. Not only has the corporate world jumped on the ecological bandwagon, but George H. W. Bush will be making a mighty effort to remind voters that *he* is the environmental President. He'll be able to say he's both pragmatic (putting millions into greenhouse studies but deferring economically debilitating measures) and progressive (a new Clean Air Act, acid-rain reduction, CFC reduction, reclamation of "dead" lakes, elevation of the Environmental Protection Agency to Cabinet level). Happy Poppy will be posed against the gloom-and-doom Democrats. Finally, there is the current shrillness of the "debate." With Gore saying the sky is going to fall in year after year, the Republicans are bound to raise the question: How come it hasn't happened?

The Democrats will argue that it *has* happened. But, down here in Tennessee, as elsewhere in the country, folks are not alarmed about the environment. They're concerned, but they're more concerned about money and crime and education. Mostly, they're concerned about the economy and jobs, the fundamental pivot, barring war, on which elections turn. Albert Gore seems to be betting that an environmental crisis atmosphere can be generated and sustained, and that environmentalism can run against, or around, economic growth and win. It's a sucker's bet. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Charles Horner

TWO MORE IF BY SEA

Ten years ago the U.N. Conference on the Law of the Sea was poised to undermine our vital maritime interests. Today the problem seems almost quaint—and it has left the United States with two million square miles yet to be explored.

The twentieth anniversary of Earth Day, widely celebrated this past April, will almost certainly overshadow another political milestone in the life of our planet. A hardy few will note the twentieth anniversary of the mandate for the United Nations Conference on the Law of the Sea. The proceedings have changed and the official United Nations letterhead now uses the word "convention," not "conference." But the activity grinds on, and only a cynic could doubt that this peculiar institution will live on well into the third millennium.

For the sake of many who earn their livelihood either participating in, or paying attention to, this unique maritime industry, it is fortunate that it came into being in the 1970s. A comparable effort to draft a "constitution for the seas" would probably not be launched now, and, even if it were, the effort would probably lead to something different from today's impasse. For the Law of the Sea Conference was a wonderful 1970s event, seen by some as a balm for our Vietnam war wounds, by others as a laboratory for old collectivist economics and new theories of international relations, and yet by others as a vision of limitless possibilities for global order. President Nixon, in a solemn 1970 statement, announced our acceptance of the undertaking, and held out great hopes for it. And it is indeed remarkable how many other (seemingly) serious people thought that their personal reputations would be hugely enhanced by association with the proceedings. Toward the end of the decade, when a treaty seemed within reach, more than one conference principal envisioned himself a future Nobel Laureate for Peace.

The Taoist sense of unlimited time that defined the pace of sea law creation was rooted in the history of the first meeting. Properly speaking, this would be the *third* United Nations Conference on the Law of the Sea, hence the acronym UNCLOS III—the previous two having dealt mostly with the continental shelf. And, while the call for Conference III did not go out formally until 1970, the project had been in the works for about three years. The idea that the resources of the seabed beyond the reach of national jurisdictions should become "the common heritage of mankind" was put forward at the United Nations in 1967. A year later, a Permanent Committee on the Seabed was set up and, by 1970, it had its mandate to organize an international conference to incorporate this principle into a new international convention. The United States went along with this, although official pronouncements were always hedged about. As the years wore on, however, the hedges were trimmed and, by 1980, the U.S. government had fully forgotten older "caveats" and had entered fully into the spirit of the gathering.

Indeed, there were significant issues for such a conference to address, and no inherent reason why new international arrangements could not have been put into place. But, as it turned out, it was simply the wrong decade to attempt to address issues of such political and philosophical difficulty. Up to that point, international maritime affairs had been dominated by the flamboyant assertion of national rights by coastal states in the Third World, coupled with sullen grumbling and piecemeal accommodation in the First. In the early 1950s, for example, countries on Latin America's Pacific coast had asserted rights over fishing to a distance of 200 miles. Other littoral states began to emulate them. There were seabed boundary disputes around the globe with major implications, for substantial submerged petroleum and mineral resources were involved. It was thus reasonable to argue that some older legal practices had been superseded by changes in both politics and technology.

But whatever good sense underlay a try for new international arrangements, the attempt could not stand up to the temper of the times. When representatives of 156 countries met in Caracas in 1974 to commence the bargaining, the world was reeling from the oil exporters' embargo of 1973 and a concomitant explosion of prices, dire predictions about future access to minerals and other vital commodities, and unchallenged assertions about the end of Western ascendency. That same year, the United Nations proclaimed a New International Economic Order, based on a Charter of Economic Rights and Duties. Its purpose was to overturn the system of world economic relations that had been in place since 1945, and rearrange world political balances accordingly. It was also at this time that the long struggle over a New World Information Order began. The Third World despotisms and their Soviet backers launched a project designed to lead, eventually, to a dominant role for the police states in the dissemination of news and other information. It began in the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization, and served only to poison the Western democracies' relations with UNESCO. The United States ended up leaving the organization, and has still not returned. In sum, then, capitalism and democracy were written off. And, while from today's vantage point, this may seem rather whimsical, it is difficult to exaggerate the solemnity with which almost all "thoughtful" people embraced this analysis and bent to its program.

This was serious business, especially for the United States, whose interests were engaged at every level. But if serious business and serious results

Charles Horner, executive vice president of the Madison Center in Washington, D.C., was in 1981 a member of the American delegation to the United Nations Conference on the Law of the Sea.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

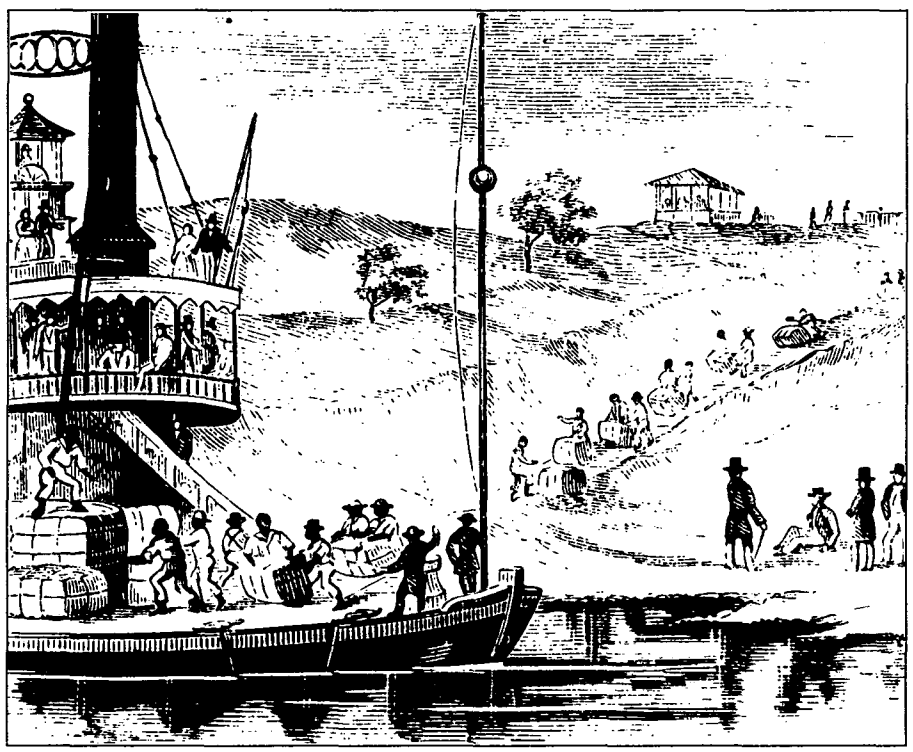
were contemplated, the cultural context of the meetings belied it. If the conference, as it went on over the years, had been a novel, it would have been an improbable collaboration by William Gaddis and John Barth and Evelyn Waugh. The huge traveling road show left Caracas and shuttled between Geneva and New York. There were regional groupings and caucuses of every description. A typical collective was the Group of Geographically Disadvantaged States. One would have thought that this referred to countries which bordered the Soviet Union, but it was merely the U.N.'s way of saying "landlocked." There were Groups of Five, Seven, Eleven, Twenty-One, and Seventy-Seven. There were other groups named after people, usually with Hispanic names like Castaneda. There were three committees known as I, II, and III. Committee III was especially memorable, for it was chaired by a Bulgarian with the wholly appropriate name of Yankov. Ordinary citizens and private organizations and lobbyists of every kind hovered on the margins of the discussions. There was even a United Methodist Project on the Law of the Sea, and a representative of New York's then Episcopalian Archbishop Paul Moore, committed to preventing multinational corporations from raping the seabed. For years, a staff writer from the *New Yorker* was on the scene, soaking up the ambience; an interminable two-part article appeared in the magazine in August 1983. Yet the *New Yorker*'s man missed an important change one would have expected him to note: Patek Philippe came to replace Rolex as the wristwatch of choice among the Third World kleptocrats.

The Conference, though obliged to reproduce its results in five official languages, seemed to rely only on two. The standard *written* language was the grapholect someone once called Marxist-Leninist-Russian-As-Rendered-Into-United Nations-English. Driven by some hidden automaticity, this language could generate entire declarations into whose writing no human element seemed to have entered. Consider this sentence, a particular favorite of former U.N. ambassador Daniel P. Moynihan:

> The foreign ministers examined the international situation and noted that the contradictions between the existence of large-consumption economies based on an unequitable state of crisis, and the social and economic margination of vast masses, is becoming more acute and generates a radicalisation of the revolutionary potentiality in developing areas which, in turn, manifests itself in the irreversible progression of an historical current leading to economic and political liberation, strengthening of national identity and cultures and the attainment of fair social orders which allow the masses to participate in the development process and its benefits.

The standard for the *spoken* version was established by those born in South Asia or other British colonies who had studied the speech of the British Isles. The possible permutations of this experience—the Pakistani at Sandhurst, the Nigerian at Oxford, the Singaporean at Cambridge—made for many slight variations in enunciation. To the newcomer, it was all the same, but the experienced ear soon learned to appreciate the fine distinctions. This was a truly seductive tongue and the ordinary American was oftentimes beguiled by it. Then, its replication by any North American was high mimetic art but, today, access to the model has become so widespread that mimicry is unexceptional. Indeed, Standard-United-Nations-Spoken-English has become world-famous through the appearances of Archbishop Tutu and Nelson Mandela on "Nightline" and other television programs.

The Law of the Sea Conference was a wonderful 1970s event, seen by some as a balm for our Vietnam war wounds, by others as a laboratory for old collectivist economics and new theories of international relations.



As the work of the conference went on, it became apparent that its novel contribution to international law and practice would be its arrangements for seabed resources beyond the claims of governments at the time, that is, further out than 200 miles. After about six years of negotiation, there was general agreement on the creation of a wholly new kind of international organization —the International Seabed Authority, with likely headquarters in Kingston, Jamaica. The Authority was to be independent, governed by its member nations in accordance with by-laws of extraordinary complexity. It would in effect own the resources of the deep seabeds, and control access to them by individual governments and commercial enterprises. It would also have an operating arm, and be able to go into the business of deepsea mining on its own account. It would float its own bonds, receive subsidies, have its own self-perpetuating bureaucracy, purchase technology on preferential terms and, were it ever to prosper, become a free-standing, financially independent, unaccountable authority of the sort that would have made Robert Moses envious. Still, more than 150 nations would somehow have to be involved in its governance and they would have to agree on the basis of Conference custom to produce treaty text by consensus. One can understand why the seabed authority would have been the most complicated institution of governance ever created—with a "constitution" of epic length and detail to match.

President Carter had placed Elliot Richardson in charge of the American delegation, and Richardson had warmed to the task. By the time of the first Reagan term, the treaty had been completed for all intents and purposes. It was expected that the new Republican administration would participate in adding the requisite finishing touches; the project had had a bipartisan cast, with backing not only from Presidents Nixon and Ford but even, at one point back in 1976, an important intervention by Henry Kissinger, a *Realpolitiker.*

Yet this rather obscure set of issues engaged a surprisingly strong set of practical and philosophical concerns in the new Reagan Administration. "Resource security" was an important strategic consideration. The prospect of Soviet penetration into southern and central Africa was taken seriously. Moreover, the basic thrust of the New International Economic Order was "resource denial," "cartelization," and such. Seabed mining seemed a wholly practical response to OPEC. Technology was being developed, multi-million dollar commercial consortia had been formed, and the impression at the time was that major efforts would go forward once the legal tangles were resolved. For the United States, as a sign of its good faith at the Conference, had placed a unilateral moratorium on our own seabed mining, even though our official position was that Americans had a perfect right to proceed with it if they wanted.[1] Moreover, people around the world had gotten it into their heads that seabed mining was a money-maker of enough potential to justify years of wrangling about its future course and development.

It turned out, however, that the Reagan Administration had a philosophical interest in the Law of the Sea that has proved more enduring and, to this point, far more influential than any merely strategic analysis. This, of course, had to do with the American experience of constitution-making, and the successful practice of democracy and capitalism generally. In the spring of 1981, the administration announced that it would undertake a full-scale review of the American position in the negotiations, thereby effectively suspending our participation for a while. And, in explanation of the new administration's deepest concerns, American representatives could do no better than to point out to other delegates that, whatever else could be said about the treaty, John Locke

[1]Many otherwise sensible people were impressed by the potential of a seabed mining industry. One typical, though totally wrong, prognosis appeared in 1978: "The United States, which is today eighty percent dependent on imported nickel, could under present circumstances become independent by 1990." See Charles Horner, "Who Owns the Sea?" *Commentary,* August 1978.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would not have approved of it.[2]

From the Reagan Administration's point of view, the defects in the draft treaty could not be overcome by subsequent negotiating efforts, and the President announced in July 1982 that the United States would not sign the convention. Since then, 159 states have signed on to the arrangement, but far fewer have actually ratified it. Even if the Law of the Sea Treaty manages to round up the sixty ratifications necessary for it to enter into force, none of the major countries will be among them. In the meantime, of course, there is still plenty of procedural work to prepare for the great day. Since 1983, there has existed a "Preparatory Commission for the International Seabed Authority and for the International Tribunal for the Law of the Sea." The "prepcom," as it is known, shuttles between Kingston and Manhattan. It is 1990, and it is still going strong.

In the hermetically sealed world of the United Nations, all this seems normal enough. Pounds of printed matter are turned out, even as the fundamental world outlook which gave rise to the treaty in the first place is in full retreat wherever one looks. No one really believes any of it anymore, but no one knows exactly what to do about the detritus of the New World Economic Order either. It is, plain and simple, an embarrassment, but it will not go away of its own accord. In its own dreary repetitiveness, it manages to embody Santayana's definition of a fanatic—the man who redoubles his efforts as he loses sight of his aims.

And Santayana, it will be recalled, was also the man who said that those who forget history will be condemned to repeat it. There are some—once again, seemingly serious people—who wish to use the Law of the Sea debacle as a model for a new Law of the Air. In March 1989—when the Law of the Sea "prepcom" was in its sixth year of writing regulations for a still nonexistent seabed authority which, itself, had been two decades in the making—representatives of twenty-four nations met at the Hague. The prime ministers of France, Norway, and the Netherlands were among them. This conference issued a call to the world to create yet another new United Nations authority and finance its operations in order to protect the earth's atmosphere. If the three prime ministers had had their way, the conference would have gone even further. It would have empowered this new organization, to be named "Globe," to impose sanctions and fines on governments which refused to comply with its clean air standards.

In a piece which appeared in the *New York Times* in February 1990 Elliot Richardson joined the discussion. "We need an international treaty, modeled perhaps on the Law of the Sea treaty," he wrote, "to co-ordinate and enforce international action on the environment." Because many issues will need resolution, "a thorough preparatory process is indispensable. The U.N. took four years to lay the groundwork for the Law of the Sea Conference, and the conference spent nine more years, with twice a year meetings, to produce a treaty." Richardson might have added, of course, that there have been seven years of post-treaty deliberation.

President Reagan used to speak of our opportunity to begin the world anew, and for those who want an opportunity to begin this particular surreal world anew, there is one. In 1992, the United Nations Conference on Environment and Development will convene in Brazil, noting the twentieth anniversary of a similar meeting in Stockholm in 1972. The relevant parts of the United Nations apparatus are already at their preparatory work. Here, for example, is one issue: Should the United States, which emits a fourth of the world's carbon dioxide, pay Brazil for the fresh air we get from the good chemical deeds of the Brazilian rainforest, which turns the stuff back into oxygen? And how might we pay? Rajiv Gandhi, when he was still prime minister of India, had an idea for a multibillion dollar revolving fund, constantly replenished by the Western democracies. In any event, recalling Mr. Richardson's proto-schedule, four years of preparation will take us from 1992 to 1996. Nine years of negotiation will get us to 2005. Another seven years of regulation-writing will carry us to 2012. By then, of course, everything we think we know today about environmental chemistry will have been proved erroneous.

It is thus altogether conceivable that the world community will home in on the least productive results of the Law of the Sea experience and work unceasingly to emulate them. Inevitably, the United States will feel obliged to join in. Yet, is there anything embedded in this earlier maritime effort which might produce something useful and productive? There just might be, but to find it we will have to look to one aspect of the "law of the sea" that has gone almost unnoticed.

The irony here is that the United States, since the 1950s, had been concerned by the trend in the world toward "enclosure" of the high seas. It was because nations began to assert their jurisdictions hundreds of miles into the oceans that the United States became interested in a broad recodification of sea law. Indeed, it had once been a basic United States negotiating ploy to acquiesce in this "enclosure" movement in return for satisfaction on other issues of interest to us as a great maritime power—unfettered mobility for our ships, or deepsea mining, as examples. Yet we now find ourselves one of the world's major beneficiaries of the fact that things did not work out as well as we once thought we would have liked. For one of the things now set in stone in international law is the right of states to assert their jurisdiction over offshore marine resources. Such areas, known as "exclusive economic zones," were mostly of ideological significance thirty years ago, but technological advances have since added new and concrete meanings. For the United States, with thousands of miles of coastline, there are practical implications to ponder.

There were Groups of Five, Seven, Eleven, Twenty-One, and Seventy-Seven. There were other groups named after people, usually with Hispanic names like Castaneda. There were three committees known as I, II, and III.

In March 1983 in a little-noticed but historic act, President Reagan issued a proclamation confirming American sovereign rights and control over all living and non-living resources within 200 miles of the United States coasts. This is an enormous addition to the national patrimony—some two million square miles, or about four billion acres. On the seabed we now control, and in the ocean above it, is an extraordinary range of resources amid correspondingly diverse biological, geological, and oceanographic conditions. We know comparatively little about all of this; indeed, we can barely conceptualize its potential. These offshore domains could become the Louisiana Purchase for the twenty-first century, but we really will not know until the new acquisitions find their Jefferson-like presidential advocate or, at the least, their Lewis and Clark.[3]

In the past twenty years, whether on land or at sea, events have conspired to produce a powerful vindication of American theory and practice—the very things we were once told we had to abandon. What has been proved overseas can surely be recalled and reapplied at home. And if we are looking for ways to absorb our energies and spend our peace dividends, it may turn out that there are plenty close to shore. □

[2]They were aided in this by Robert Goldwin's lucid article, "Locke and the Law of the Sea," *Commentary*, June 1981. It has been reprinted in his new anthology *Why Blacks, Women, and Jews Are Not Mentioned in the Constitution, and Other Unorthodox Views*, The AEI Press, $16.95.

[3]The closest we have so far is the Committee on Seabed Utilization in the Exclusive Economic Zone, a creation of the National Academy of Sciences and the National Academy of Engineering. It issued a report, "Our Seabed Frontier," in 1989.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Michael Fumento

THE POLITICS OF CANCER TESTING

In orchestrating the Great Alar Scare of 1989, outfits like the Natural Resources Defense Council demonstrated a greater interest in terrorizing the public than in saving lives—and a cynical disregard of growing scientific evidence that current testing methods are inadequate and are forestalling the development of more accurate tests.

It's sweet and it doesn't have any of that stuff they spray on apples.
—George Bush, on why he drinks carrot juice.

"The most potent cancer-causing agent in our food supply is a substance sprayed on apples to keep them on the trees longer and make them look better." Those were the first words heard by 50 million viewers of a segment of CBS's "60 Minutes" on February 26, 1989. And there was panic in the streets:

In the Los Angeles school district, cafeteria workers in over 500 schools yanked apples, applesauce, and apple pie from lunch counters and deleted them from their menus. From New York to Chicago to even Taiwan, stockboys and store managers pulled apple products off their shelves and threw out their fresh apples. A New York mother called the state police to intercept her child's school bus to remove the killer fruit from the child's lunchbox. The wholesale price of Washington Red Delicious apples fell by half. Shipments declined precipitously, costing orchards a fortune and throwing produce markets into chaos. In some parts of the country, the sale of apple juice came to a virtual halt. Industry economists estimated immediate losses to apple growers alone at between $61 million and $140 million. In the months that followed, a number of orchards, most of them small and family-owned, collapsed and underwent foreclosure.

This was the Great Apple Scare of 1989, the result of one of the slickest hype campaigns in recent American history. The immediate target was Alar, the trade name for daminozide, a growth regulator used to promote uniform ripening of red apples and to improve the fruit's appearance. This chemical, which had been used for twenty-one years with no observable ill effects, and which in fact had been specifically tested and allowed to remain on the market by the EPA, was suddenly tried, convicted, and sentenced to death by the media. The larger target was chemical pesticides in general, which many environmental extremists believe must be banned—through legislation if possible, through a smear campaign if necessary. Such a ban would make our food supply less safe—and far more costly.

Meanwhile, Alar, though still legal, is no longer in use.

Michael Fumento is author of The Myth of Heterosexual AIDS *(New Republic Books).*

An Apple a Day?

Developed by Uniroyal, Alar is sprayed on varieties of red apples and Golden Delicious. It has also been used on some vegetables, especially peanuts. Both "60 Minutes" and the Natural Resources Defense Council (NRDC), the litigation group that planned the anti-Alar campaign, downplayed the practicality of Alar, treating it as though it were little more than a food dye. The chief advantage of Alar was to allow an entire orchard to be harvested just once instead of periodically over six weeks as individual fruits ripen. To marketers, it offered more uniformly shaped and colored fruit, and could extend the usual six-to-eight-month shelf life of apples to about a year. Alar could double the volume of fruit produced during the first seven years of planting. Even after that initial period, by keeping the fruit on the tree and off the ground, the chemical saved some apple growers as much as 25 percent of their crop a year. By preserving the fruit after picking, it allowed consumers to have fresh red apples all year long.

In 1966, Uniroyal submitted rat-feeding studies to the U.S. Department of Agriculture (USDA), then in charge of pesticide regulation. The rats had developed no tumors and the pesticide was approved, although the test would not meet today's standards.

When Alar is broken down in processing for applesauce or juice, it forms unsymmetrical 1,1-dimethylhydrazine (UDMH), which—and this really set off "60 Minutes" reporter Ed Bradley—is a variant of hydrazine, which is used as a rocket fuel. Of course, you would need to eat a few million jars of applesauce to achieve lift-off. In 1985, the EPA released a draft document looking at four tests performed in the 1970s and one in 1984, and found Alar "is a clear carcinogen in that it induces a highly significant increase in the incidence of blood-vascular tumors which are normally found at very low incidence in Swiss mice." If you receive a press packet from NRDC, as I did in January, you get this information along with a breakdown of the results of the early studies. The press packet doesn't mention that after the September 1985 EPA audit, a new EPA review found that:

> Each of these [1970s] studies, however, has been examined by the Agency and the FIFRA [Federal Insecticide, Fungicide and Rodenticide Act] Scientific Advisory Panel, and has been found not to provide an adequate basis for regulatory action at this time . . . some of these studies yielded unequivocal results and . . . other studies have serious flaws or shortcomings in the test methodology and documentation.

Specifically, in some studies the dose of Alar delivered was so large as to directly kill many of the animals, through toxicity (i.e., direct poisoning), not carcinogenicity (the causing of cancer). This is referred to as exceeding the "maximum tolerated dose," or MTD. A subsequent reexamination of the slides of the test animal tissues and organs suggested that tumor incidence

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was lower than reported. In the UDMH studies, UDMH was allowed to remain in the water long enough for most of it to break down into different chemicals; the animals were acknowledged to have suffered previously "from severe degenerative diseases"; and, again, the maximum tolerated dose may have been exceeded.

The EPA left Alar and UDMH in the question-mark category, listing them as "possible carcinogens." It also lowered its estimate of potential cancers from UDMH from between 1,000 and 10,000 per million to 45 per million. It should strike the attentive reader at this point that if something is no more than a "possible carcinogen," then assigning a death rate to it is problematic, to say the least. More on this later.

But with the NRDC and its allies breathing down its neck, the EPA later proposed accelerating the process that would force the cancellation of food uses of Alar, pending further study. It also classified Alar as a probable human carcinogen.

The last tests on Alar performed prior to the scare were reported by the International Research and Development Corporation in August 1988 and involved rats and mice fed at numerous dosage levels. Both studies concluded that there were no carcinogenic effects related to the administration of Alar. Dr. Christine Chaisson of Technical Assessment Systems, Inc., a former EPA researcher and present consultant to the EPA, Uniroyal, and other groups, found in an independent review of all the Alar studies that "the weight of the evidence clearly favors classification of daminozide as non-carcinogenic." Although the comprehensive "Chronology for Daminozide" in the NRDC's packet ends with January 1989, it omits the 1988 study.[1]

In January 1989, under constant pressure again from the NRDC and others, EPA Acting Administrator John Moore issued a statement finding an "inescapable and direct correlation" between exposure to UDMH and "the development of life-threatening tumors" and he accelerated its special review.

On February 1, 1989, about four weeks before the "60 Minutes" broadcast—easily enough time for CBS to cancel the segment—the EPA released a three-page statement detailing the results of laboratory animal studies on Alar and UDMH to date. The statement reported that:

(1) "Although biological trends were noted in the mouse study, tests at 10,000 ppm for two years with the parent compound [Alar, as opposed to UDMH] were statistically negative for cancer response."

(2) "The cancer response in the current UDMH data is seen only in one species at a relatively high dose . . ."

(3) "Mutagenicity data for UDMH are equivocal to negative." This refers to, among others, a test developed by Bruce Ames, chairman of the biochemistry department at the University of California, Berkeley. It tests a chemical to determine if it causes mutations in bacterial DNA, an indicator of chemicals that cause cancer in lab animals.

(4) "Mice in the 'high dose' study are dying early." The agency said it believed that the death of these mice was due to the tumors, but it "may nonetheless be argued that the deaths were the result of excessive toxicity, which may compromise the outcome of the study." In other words, the mice might have been poisoned.

Somehow, out of all this, "60 Minutes" was able to arrive at the conclusion that Alar—not even UDMH but Alar—is the "most potent cancer-causing agent in our food supply."

Alar forms unsymmetrical 1,1-dimethylhydrazine (UDMH), which—and this really set off "60 Minutes" reporter Ed Bradley—is a variant of hydrazine, which is used as a rocket fuel. Of course, you would need to eat a few million jars of applesauce to achieve lift-off.

The NRDC to the Rescue

In 1987, the NRDC, along with Ralph Nader's Public Citizen group and other organizations, filed suit against the EPA to force it to outlaw Alar. Founded in 1970, the NRDC is the litigation arm of the environmentalist movement, but does not normally conduct scientific studies itself. With about 100,000 members, it is one of the most powerful and well-funded of the nation's environmental lobbies, and in 1985 was rated the most influential by congressional and EPA staff members.

Yet the Alar case was one NRDC could not win. In late 1988, a Washington State appeals court threw the case out, claiming NRDC lacked standing to make the challenge. So NRDC decided to bypass the EPA and the courts with a study called "Intolerable Risk: Pesticides in Our Children's Food."

Orchestrating the NRDC campaign was Fenton Communications, a public relations firm led by one David Fenton, who had earlier done work for the Sandinistas, Grenada under Maurice Bishop, and the People's Republic of Angola. The NRDC contracted to pay Fenton a minimum of $180,000 a year plus expenses to carry out an "information strategy," including contacts with "influential editors, reporters, producers, anchormen, columnists and news media executives in the United States." Fenton was so pleased with these operations he released a document boasting that practically the entire U.S. media were his minions.

Fenton has explained how he divided the Alar campaign into two sections in hopes that the media would treat them as separate stories because ". . . more repetition of NRDC's message was guaranteed." Story one was NRDC's "Intolerable Risk" study. Story two, set for one week after the release of story one, had popular actress Meryl Streep announcing the formation of Mothers and Others for Pesticide Limits. By agreement, "60 Minutes" was allowed to break the "Intolerable Risk" story, allowing NRDC to bypass the scientifically accepted method of peer review. Then-FDA Commissioner Frank Young stated, "This is one of the worst instances of where statements were made without the benefit of scientific review." Follow-up interviews were arranged months in advance with major women's magazines such as *Family Circle*, *Woman's Day*, and *Redbook*, usually bearing titles like *Redbook*'s "The Foods That Are Poisoning Your Child." Appearance dates were scheduled for the "Donahue Show," ABC's "Home Show," and double appearances on NBC's "Today Show." From here the story snowballed, with MacNeil/Lehrer, the *New York Times*, and the *Washington Post* doing follow-up stories (although the *Post* later did a critical one), as did all three evening network news shows.

But dupery didn't account for all of the favorable media reaction. At a conference sponsored by the Smithsonian Institution in September, "Global Environment: Are We Overreacting?" Charles Alexander declared to a round of applause: "As the science editor of *Time* I would freely admit that on this issue we have crossed the boundary from news reporting to advocacy." NBC reporter Andrea Mitchell agreed, saying "clearly the networks have made that decision now, where you'd have to call it advocacy." But *Washington Post* Executive Editor Ben Bradlee warned, "As soon as you say, 'To hell with the news, I'm no longer interested in news, I'm interested in causes,' you've got a whole kooky constituency to respond to . . ." To which *Wall Street Journal* editorial writer David Brooks, who may have been the only reporter in the country who felt the public had a right to hear about the conference, sardonically noted, "Mr. Bradlee is right. Probably a lot of 'kooks' believe in objective journalism."

Congress called a special hearing, at which Streep and others urged that Uniroyal immediately pull Alar off the market so consumers could be sure apples were completely safe. "What's a mother to do?" she asked. Rep. Gerry Sikorski (D-Minn.), who had also appeared on the Alar edition of "60 Minutes," charged that the EPA "is turning American parents into the malevolent stepmother in *Snow White*, handing out enticingly red but fatal apples to our children." Some environmentalist groups began calling grocery store chains and threatening pickets if they didn't pull all apples and apple products from their shelves.

As is often the case during scares, industry helped cut its own throat. Those companies judged "unacceptable" by *Consumer Reports* announced immediate measures to stop using Alar-treated apples, while those that scored well on the survey sought to capitalize on it. For example, Beech-Nut Nutrition Corp., fresh from its prosecution for having sold phony apple juice, was so happy with its score on the test that it sent out two press advisories alerting the media to the survey even before *Consumer Reports* released it, with one of the advisories stating that the corporation's president would "be available for interviews about what the study findings mean for mothers of infants and for the safety of the nation's food supply generally."

Luxury and health-oriented stores got in on the act, even before the NRDC scare, by selling apples they declared to be "Alar-free." Alas, surveys done by newspapers in several metropolitan areas revealed that many stores, including the Safeway chain, were not selling Alar-free apples when they specifically claimed they were. These stores got the best of both worlds—profiting from both Alar and the fear of it. →

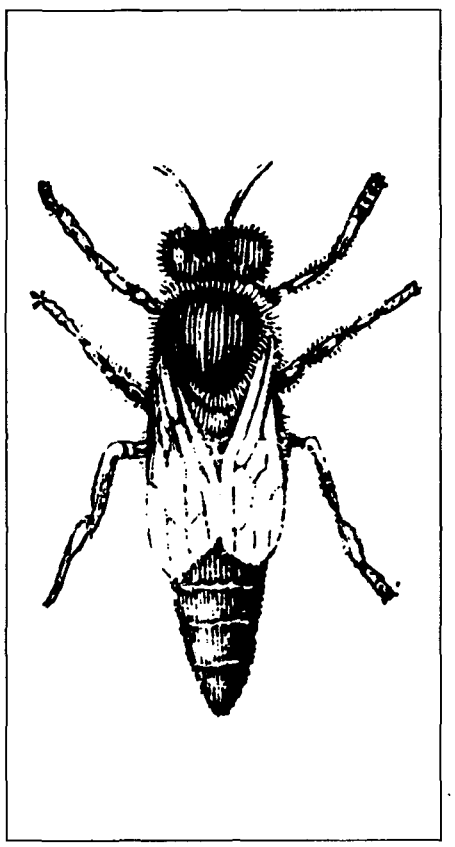
[1]The final UDMH mouse study, released this past February, reported that "the test substance did not induce any unusual or unexpected tumors, but did appear to increase the incidence rates for two common tumors of the lungs and blood vessels," but further indications were that "the MTD was exceeded in both high and low dose animals."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Although both the EPA and the American Council on Science and Health, an organization that frequently rebuts pesticide alarms, moved quickly to counter the NRDC effort, the mainstream press for the most part gave them short shrift or ignored them altogether. As Fenton concluded on the success of his media campaign: "There are other ways to raise public awareness for the purpose of moving the Congress and policymakers." Indeed.

Of Mice and Men

The word "carcinogen" in the NRDC report, or indeed in any reference to UDMH or Alar, is based exclusively on animal studies in which massive doses of chemicals are dumped into the animal's body. In the case of Alar, a human would have to ingest the equivalent of 28,000 apples a day for life to duplicate the dosage. Such studies make a huge number of assumptions, of which two are particularly important: first, that enough is known about the mechanisms of cancer to permit lab animals to serve as stand-ins for human beings; second, that the results of testing animals with massive doses can be extrapolated to predict cancer in humans ingesting comparatively tiny ones. Both assumptions are accepted by the media and by the scientists whom the media regularly tap. Yet they are not accepted by all scientists, and are often pooh-poohed by the general public, which seems prejudiced against being compared with rodentia and has trouble interpolating from, say, tens of thousands of diet colas a day to one a day. Such prejudices were passed off as the musings of the ignorant masses—until, at least, the publication of Edith Efron's landmark *The Apocalyptics* in 1984. Despite efforts to treat her as an irresponsible radical, by 1987 Efron and her thesis were sitting on the cover of *Cancer Research*, the official scientific journal of the American Association of Cancer Research.



Efron provided data for the intuitive belief that something is wrong with pumping a rodent full of chemicals to a point near death and seeing if any adverse reactions take place, starting out by showing that even the scientific community didn't believe it, at least at first. In 1977, John Higginson, founding director of the International Agency for Research on Cancer (IARC), said: "There is . . . no rational biological method of extrapolating from animals to man." Yet, just one year later, Lorenzo Tomatis of IARC announced, "In the presence of appropriate experimental carcinogenicity data and in the absence of adequate human data, it is reasonable to regard chemicals for which there is 'strong evidence' of carcinogenicity as if they were carcinogenic to humans." What had happened? Efron states, "There were no reasons given for this change in policy except the avowed desire to be 'more useful' to 'national and international authorities.' "

In 1976, David Rall, director of the National Institute of Environmental Health Sciences, told Lesley Stahl of CBS on the special "The Politics of Cancer," "Mice and rats predict very well for human cancer." To back this up, he added:

> If you don't accept the mouse and the rat data, you only have one alternative, and that's letting the human population be exposed for about 25 years, and if in fact the compound was carcinogenic you can have a small epidemic of chemical carcinogeneses in man after that 25 years. So I think there's no alternative. We have to view the mouse and rat data as predictive for man.

If that is the best Rall could do, we may as well throw dice for each chemical or perhaps, following Judge Learned Hand's famous statement, merely "hang" every tenth chemical. And that is exactly what can happen.

The Rall statement is representative of a scientific community that called the use of lab animals legitimate not on evidence, but because they wanted something concrete with which to begin indicting chemicals. Also in 1976, NRDC published an article titled, "Is Cancer the Price of Technological Advancement?" In it, the NRDC dismissed nature as a significant contributor to the human cancer rate. It was "the 'chemical revolution' of the past 50 years" that was the primary cause, but, without some sort of test, none of the apocalyptics could wage war against this onslaught of chemical death.

There is no reason to think that what causes cancer in a rodent will necessarily cause cancer in a human.

The cornerstone of the apocalyptics' thesis is that cancer rates in America are going up and that the reason is synthetic chemicals. Irving Selikoff, whose study of shipyard workers was crucial in establishing risk of high-level exposures of asbestos, predicted that "millions may die in the future of industrially caused cancer." The assertion was that the vast majority—as much as 90 percent—of cancer deaths were attributable to the synthetic products of the chemical industry which developed after World War II. This extreme view seems to have been abandoned, quite possibly as a direct result of Efron's work, but it remains "common knowledge" that many cancer cases do result from such mass poisoning.

The MTD thesis has two major weaknesses. First, as stated, there is no reason to think that what causes cancer in a rodent will necessarily cause cancer in a human. Frequently, what causes cancer in rats doesn't in mice, and vice versa. If one chemical has different effects on two closely related species, clearly its effect on either of them is of limited usefulness in evaluating the risk to so different a species as humans and one that has a much longer lifespan. Such differences between lab animals are common. EBDC, a water-soluble fungicide manufactured by Du Pont and currently the victim of a regulatory crackdown by EPA, was found to cause birth defects in rats at massive doses but not in mice, hamsters, and rabbits. Of 392 chemicals in Ames colleague Dr. Lois Gold's database of animal cancer tests, almost one-fourth were positive in mice and negative in rats or vice versa. Conversely, important human carcinogens may not be detected in standard tests of rodents, as was the case for a long time for both tobacco smoke and alcohol, the two largest identified causes of neoplastic (tumor-caused) death in the United States.

For these reasons, the standard protocol for carcinogenesis at the National Toxicology Program requires experiments in both sexes of two species, and so does a joint committee of the United Nations Food and Agricultural Organization and the World Health Organization. The Office of Science and Technology Policy has noted that if a sufficient number of tests are conducted, at least one will produce statistically significant results "simply as a result of random variation," and not too long ago recommended that scientists "view the outcome of any single test as potentially the result of chance variation."

Laboratory mice have a high spontaneous incidence of pulmonary tumors, leading many scientists to question the legitimacy of relying only on mouse data. Further, there is no reason to think that if massive doses of a chemical cause tumors in lab animals, then comparatively tiny doses will necessarily have a similar effect on some humans. MTD advocates say that since we can't test 240 million lab animals (that is, one for every American) at doses to which human beings are normally subjected, we must test a considerably smaller number of animals at considerably higher doses. The assumption that massive doses predict carcinogenically for even tiny doses is known as the "no threshold" theory, which says that the harm from a substance at high levels will cause harm at lower levels; the risk declines but never becomes nil. As with asbestos (discussed at length in my October 1989 *TAS* article), the chemical apocalyptics have simply said that since no one knows where the threshold should be placed, none should be recognized.

In the area of toxicity, the "no threshold" theory doesn't hold at all. The principle in toxicity is *Dosis sola facit venenum*—only the dose makes the poison. Thus, that which has no effect at one level (say, vitamin A) may be medicinal at a higher level and a deadly poison at a higher level still. Some chemicals which we normally regard as poisonous, such as arsenic, are actually therapeutic at low levels, while others that we generally regard as therapeutic, such as the heart medicine digitalis, are in fact deadly if consumed at the levels at which they normally exist in nature.

By the Occupational Safety and Health Administration's (OSHA) own admission, acute drug toxicity, radiation or drug control of some tumors, and the gastrointestinal-radiation syndrome all have dose-response curves that show thresholds. One sticky wicket in extrapolating from massive doses is that some animal carcinogens, including nickel and chromium, selenium, nitrites, and even salt, are essen-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tial to human health. Further, everything puts out radiation. (One wag suggested that various senators be arrested as "felons" for urinating in states that forbid the storage of radioactive waste.)

One way to get the maximum mileage out of the no-threshold theory, or indeed to eliminate the possibility of setting a threshold, could be termed the "moving threshold principle." This says that because different metabolisms utilize chemicals differently, thresholds differ from person to person. Hence, no single threshold exists for humans and, since "a prudent policy of cancer prevention requires protection of the most sensitive individuals in the population," as NCI's Umberto Saffiotti puts it, anything proven carcinogenic in any animal must be assumed to be carcinogenic for some human somewhere at even the lowest level.

FDA policy toward carcinogens is ostensibly guided by the Delaney Clause, a 47-word statement passed as part of the Food Additives Amendment of 1958, which specifies: "No additive shall be deemed to be safe if it is found to induce cancer when ingested by man or animal, or if it is found, after tests which are appropriate for the evaluation of the safety of food additives, to induce cancer in man or animal." Under EPA regulations, the clause is applied to processed foods but not to fresh fruits and vegetables. With the latter, an "action level" is established that allows one part or less per million, also known as "negligible risk." With processed foods, the rule, at least in theory, is absolute. No parts per anything is allowed.

When the Delaney Clause was passed, fifty parts per million was considered the practical equivalent of zero. Today, scientists are measuring in parts per trillion and working on ways to measure in parts per quadrillion and even smaller. Thus, levels of allegedly carcinogenic chemicals which were ignored not too many years ago are now used to ban chemicals. In order to paint apple producers as villains, "60 Minutes" used a 1989 Consumers Union survey showing Alar residues (not UDMH) in two-thirds of thirty-two apple juice products that ostensibly no longer contained the chemical. Consumers Union said its testing had found traces where another survey had not because it was now using a test that detected 0.01 to 0.02 parts per million, instead of the old one that could only find 0.5 to 1.0 ppm, a fifty-fold increase in sensitivity. The test was so sensitive that quite possibly it was picking up residue from spraying that occurred in a growing season prior to when the farmer stopped using the chemical. Extended to its ultimate conclusion, increasingly sensitive testing will find molecules of virtually anything in virtually everything. As explained in one pharmacology paper, printed in *The Apocalyptics*:

> . . . if a pint of water is poured into the sea and allowed to mix completely with all the water on the surface of the earth, over 5,000 molecules of the original sample will be present in any pint taken subsequently. The general conclusion to be drawn from these calculations is that nothing is completely uncontaminated by anything else.

The Delaney Clause, if applied literally and indefinitely, will eventually prohibit the consumption of anything that contains additives.

Everything puts out radiation. One wag suggested that various senators be arrested as "felons" for urinating in states that forbid the storage of radioactive waste.

The Natural Carcinogen Cover-Up?

At one time, Dr. Bruce Ames was one of Efron's key apocalyptics and a prime exponent of the "one molecule" method. He is a recipient of the most prestigious award for cancer research, the General Motors Cancer Research Foundation Prize, of the highest award in environmental achievement, the Tyler Prize, is a member of the National Academy of Sciences, and has served on the National Cancer Institute board of directors. John Tierney, writing in *Hippocrates* magazine in 1988, stated, "It was his laboratory procedure, the Ames [Mutagenic] Test, that alerted scientists and consumers to the dangers of hundreds of synthetic chemicals. He provided the evidence—and occasionally, the rhetoric—that got things banned. He was a scientific hero of the environmental movement."

Ames began to think about natural carcinogens and wrote Efron, who herself had discovered a mass of natural carcinogen literature in 1978, "Somehow, the theoreticians, the regulators, and the apocalyptic movement itself had misplaced them. The natural carcinogens were sitting there quietly in the literature on carcinogenesis, along with the synthetics. The only difference was that they had not been publicized." Ames decided to publicize those findings and the apocalyptics dropped him faster than an ear of corn treated with DDT.

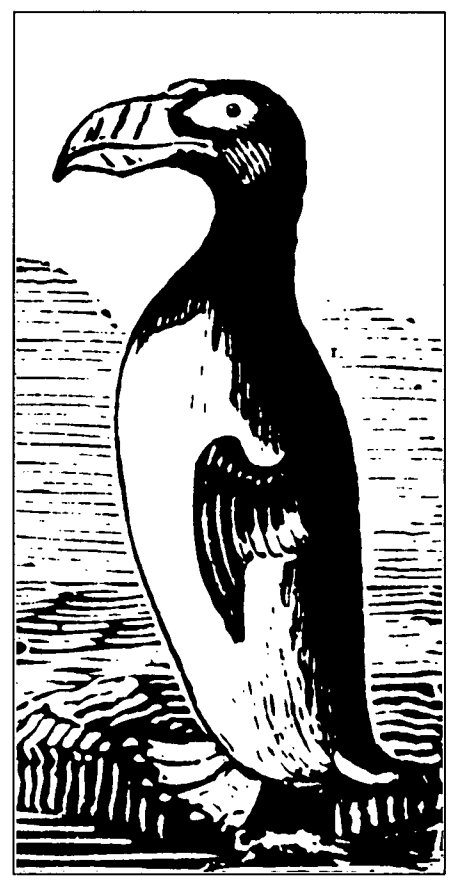
The apocalyptics had acknowledged the existence of a limited number of natural carcinogens, but a very limited number. Rachel Carson listed a few in *Silent Spring*, e.g., ultraviolet rays, radioactive rocks, and arsenic. This dearth of natural carcinogens she attributed to evolutionary processes that allowed man's physiology to co-exist with nature. Most recently, Robert Bazell brought up this theory in the *New Republic*, where he noted approvingly the view that naturally occurring rodent carcinogens "probably don't present any threat because humans have been eating these foods for thousands of years, and if there is a danger we have evolved a way to resist it." When I talked to NRDC Senior Attorney Al Meyerhoff, he gave me the same line, albeit pointing out that his expertise is in law and not the science aspects.

Gold, Ames, and others built a data base of chemicals tested in lab animals and found that, even among natural chemicals, about half caused tumors in lab animals. These included chemicals found in table pepper, mushrooms, peanut butter, tea, and bread. One hundred thirty-seven volatile natural chemicals have already been found in apple juice, of which only five have been tested for carcinogenicity. Three of these have been found to be carcinogenic in rats. Now the apocalyptics were in a dilemma. By the same standard by which they were convicting synthetic chemicals as potentially lethal, the natural ones were proving just as bad.

As Ames and Gold point out, many foods have been introduced into our diets only in the last few hundred years, including such staples as coffee, tomatoes, and potatoes. Alcohol, aflatoxin, asbestos, radioactive rocks, and ultraviolet light have been around for several thousand years or since the earth's beginning and have proved carcinogenic in man. Many of the common heavy metals, such as cadmium, lead, nickel, beryllium, chromium, selenium, and arsenic, have been reported to be animal carcinogens. Finally, the evolutionary theory is valid only if cancer develops and kills before the reproductive period is complete. In fact, environmentally induced cancer often takes decades to manifest itself and in those cases in which there is solid evidence as to the cause, e.g., tobacco and asbestos, it almost always strikes those past normal child-bearing years, hence would have no effect on evolutionary development.

Discussion of natural animal carcinogens undercuts the apocalyptics' approach to risk. Plants produce toxins which protect them against fungi, insects, and predators such as man. Many of these natural pesticides have been discovered, and most species of plant contain a few dozen. Of the natural toxins tested in animals, one-half (25 of 50) have proved carcinogenic in MTD testing of lab animals, says Ames, as compared to 58 percent for synthetic chemicals. It is probable, says Ames, that almost every plant product in the supermarket contains natural animal carcinogens. Among those already identified as such are: bananas, broccoli, brussels sprouts, cabbage, carrots, celery, cocoa, grapefruit juice, honeydew melon, mushrooms, mustard, orange juice, peaches, black pepper, raspberries, turnips—and apples, sans Alar. To worry about a substance present in apple juice in such small quantities that it can only be measured with the most advanced instruments seems fatuous indeed.

A few years ago, the American Cancer Society ran a series of commercials in which actors and actresses mocked the notion that "everything causes cancer." Yet, if the results of mass-dose testing of laboratory animals are to be interpreted as applying to humans, they could prove that everything does cause cancer. Indeed, the FDA was scared that the public would discover natural carcinogens, as evidenced by one FDA statement that Efron found buried in the middle of a long opinion on reportedly car-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cinogenic hair dyes, which read:

> Indeed, a requirement for warnings on all foods that may contain an inherent carcinogenic ingredient or a carcinogenic contaminant (in contrast to a deliberately added carcinogenic substance) would apply to many, perhaps most, foods in a supermarket. Such warnings would be so numerous they would confuse the public, would not promote informed consumer decision-making, and would not advance the public health.

In order to establish a priority rating system for carcinogens similar to that already established for toxicity, Ames and Co. have set up what they call a HERP (human exposure dose/rodent potency dose) index, which rates the degree of carcinogenesis of various chemicals based on the degree to which they have caused tumors in lab animals. Ames calls his rating system not a risk assessment but "an index of possible hazard," noting that assigning a risk per million for any chemical is impossible, that the best one can do is compare one risk to the next. Thus, a liter of tap water is rated 0.001 on the scale because it contains the rodent carcinogen chloroform. A 12-ounce bottle of beer is rated at 2.8 because it contains 18 milliliters of ethyl alcohol; conventional home air, which contains the animal carcinogen formaldehyde, is rated 0.6 per 14 hours of breathing; while the same amount of breathing in a mobile home will pull in enough formaldehyde to incur a rating of 2.1. EDB, a grain fumigant banned by EPA in 1984, has a rating of .0004. During the Alar scare, Ames and Lois Gold noted in a letter to *Science* that the UDMH in a six-ounce glass of apple juice has a HERP level of 0.0017 percent, less than one-tenth that of either a single raw mushroom a day or a single peanut butter sandwich.

It is one of the great ironies of the synthetic chemical phobia that some varieties of edible plants which have been bred to be naturally pest-resistant have ended up being withdrawn from the market because of acute toxicity to humans. Such was the case with one variety of potato. A specially bred pest-resistant type of celery proved so toxic as to cause rashes on the hands of handlers, and upon analysis was found to have 6,200 parts per billion (ppb) of carcinogenic psoralens instead of the 800 ppb present in normal celery. Thus, there is a trade-off between natural pesticides and manmade ones—unless, of course, one doesn't mind losing anywhere from 10 to 100 percent of one's crop to insects, weeds, and predators.

Ames estimates 99.9 percent of all pesticides are natural. We are ingesting about 1,000 times more natural than synthetic pesticides. It is reassuring, however, that many layers of general defenses in humans protect against toxins without distinguishing whether they are synthetic or natural. The apocalyptics have essentially grandfathered all natural animal carcinogens while slamming the door in the face of the synthesized ones.

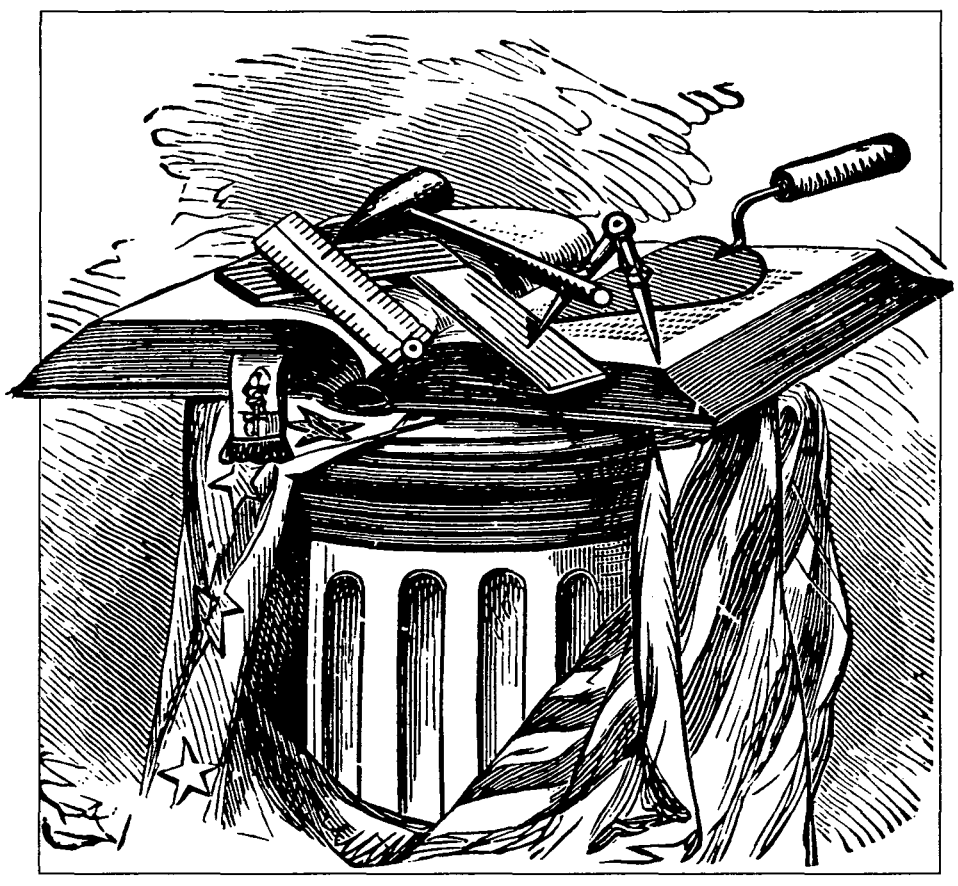
Turncoat Ames has become a real thorn in the apocalyptics' side. As a result of an apple industry backlash against CBS's first Alar show, CBS did another show and interviewed Ames. Indeed, it spent the entire Ames portion trying to discredit him. At one point, reporter Ed Bradley said, "Dr. [William] Lijinksy disputes Ames's claim that 99.9 percent of all carcinogens come from natural foods." Such a claim would have been bizarre. Bradley, who presumably had read Ames's articles, must have known that in several of them he states, as have many others, that about 30 percent of human cancer cases are attributable to smoking alone.

NRDC's "new data" was EPA's old data, that from before 1985 which had been rejected. But NRDC attorney Janet Hathaway says this was the "best data available." Which it was, of course, for them.

At another point Ames says that compounds in celery and broccoli have been found to be carcinogenic. Bradley replies:

> He believes further tests will show he's right. But for now, the national toxicology survey lists just 148 substances, and the compounds in celery and broccoli aren't among them. One compound that is is the one produced by Alar.

Bradley was wrong. An April 1989 status report by the National Toxicology Program of the Public Health Service lists both allyl isothiocynanate and 8-methoxypsoralen as carcinogens, the former as "positive" in male rats with the latter showing "clear evidence for carcinogenicity" in male rats. The first is found in broccoli, the second in celery. This material also appeared in Ames and Co.'s 1987 *Science* article which Ames claims to have sent to producer David Gelber but which, in any case, it was Gelber's duty to read.



The Profits of Doom

Bradley began the "60 Minutes" Alar follow-up by attacking the credibility of Elizabeth Whelan, president of the American Council on Science and Health (ACSH), whom it invited onto the show to dispute NRDC's Alar claims. "You get a lot of money from the chemical industry. A lot of people who've looked at your contributors' list accuse you of being little more than a hired hand for the companies that make chemicals and pesticides." Never mind that Bradley could have gotten any number of experts from outside the chemical industry to say what Whelan did. His point was that those defending synthetic chemicals are always operating out of profit motive, while the NRDC and its ilk operate out of the goodness of their hearts. But *Science* editor Daniel Koshland, Jr. writes:

> It's time to recognize that public interest groups have conflicts of interest, just as do business groups, even though their public positions are [straightforward.] Businesses prefer to be out of the limelight; public interest groups like to be in it. Because they are selling products in the marketplace, businesses downplay discussions of hazard. Because public interest groups acquire members by publicity, they emphasize hazards. . . . Businesses today have product liability and can incur legal damages if they place a dangerous product on the market. Public interest groups have no such constraints at the moment; it may be time to develop appropriate ones so that victims of irresponsible information have redress.

Imagine a prosecutor telling a jury, "Pay no attention to the defense attorney; after all, he's being paid by the defendant!" As both ACSH and NRDC make a living by pushing a set view, the responsible reporter takes both sides with a grain of salt, as would a responsible juror. Problem is, most of the media jurors convict the chemical companies and their lobbyists before the trial even starts.

As to NRDC, Fenton stated "NRDC repaid itself manyfold in tremendous media exposure . . . *and substantial, immediate revenue for future pesticide work* . . ." [emphasis added]. Included in revenues was a book about pesticides that sold 90,000 copies in a few months' time through a 900 number on the Donahue show. If it's true that ACSH gets ten percent of its money from pesticide companies like Uniroyal, it's also true that NRDC gets 100 percent of its money by convincing donors that chemical companies like Uniroyal are poisoning the environment.

Calculated Risk Factor

Just what is the risk of getting cancer from Alar? It depends on who's making the estimate and probably how he felt when he got out of bed that morning. NRDC calculated that some 4,700 to 6,000 preschool children, out of a population of 22 million, will eventually get cancer from exposure to Alar in just the first six years of life. That translates into a risk of 240 per million of population. As it happens, NRDC's "new data" was EPA's old data, that from before 1985 which had been rejected. But NRDC attorney Janet Hathaway says this was the "best data available." Which it was, of course, for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them. In addition, NRDC built in the most conservative "safety factors" imaginable concerning intake and effect. EPA's new figures had calculated a risk to infants, from exposure for just eighteen months, of nine in one million, which is twenty-five times lower than the NRDC estimate. Why did NRDC accept the higher figures which the originator claimed were no good?

To state that Alar and UDMH are human carcinogens is simply presumptuous. To state even that UDMH is an animal carcinogen may be false. All we know is that it may be a carcinogen in some animals when fed in massive doses. We can further state that there is no proof that any pesticide created by man causes cancer in humans when ingested. It is all theory and conjecture, nothing more. All of the above estimates are sheer guesses, like guessing the weight of an unknown number of marbles in a jar when one hasn't even an idea of how much each marble weighs.

According to a 1980 OSHA report, saccharin "shows a range of variation of more than five million-fold in estimates of human risk, although all the estimates were derived from the same set of experimental data on rats . . ." In fact, if the data had taken into account that the results of MTD testing of rats may not apply to humans, the variance would have been infinite. The most we can say about the risk of getting human cancer from Alar is that there is some upper limit. That is, not everyone exposed to Alar gets cancer. Beyond that, it is all guesses. But this isn't what Congress, the regulators, and a large segment of the public want to hear. They are hungry for statistics and estimates and often care little about how they were generated, or even who generated them.

Will "Cell Death" Be the Death of MTD Testing?

Why doesn't everyone get cancer by age 30? One possibility is the existence of anti-carcinogens. It has been known for some time that some chemicals appear to act as neutralizers to carcinogens. Another reason for non-extinction of the human race is the "balance" between the activation and detoxification of both natural and industrial carcinogens. Some studies have found that certain combinations of carcinogens are less carcinogenic than the same ones ingested individually. Of course, both the effectiveness of anti-carcinogens and of the balance of carcinogens would be completely overridden by doses that are perhaps millions of times higher than an animal could expect to ingest under normal conditions. If, say, there were something in asparagus, broccoli, and oranges that cancelled out the carcinogenic effect of UDMH, it would take a lot of asparagus, broccoli, and oranges to cancel out the equivalent of 28,000 apples a day.

But perhaps the most fascinating answer to the puzzle of MTD in lab animals lies in the research area that explores cell death. According to this line of thought, toxicity and carcinogenicity, formerly separate and distinct, are confused in MTD testing. In MTD testing, dosage may be so high that some organ may become sufficiently poisoned not to kill the animal outright but to cause massive new cell replication to replace the cells that have been killed off. For example, massive doses of saccharin overwhelm the natural defenses of rats, causing their bladders to lose many cells which have to be replaced; chloroform does the same with rat liver cells. From there, there are two possible effects, explains Dr. Byron Butterworth of the Chemical Industry Institute of Toxicology, an independent research group (which receives industry funding) at Research Triangle Park, North Carolina:

> First, there is a chance for errors—mutations—to show up whenever cells divide and replicate DNA. The more you necessitate this, the better the odds of a mutation are. Second, cancer is not just the presence of mutated cells but their growth and expansion. The massive killing of good cells forces the cancerous ones to rapidly reproduce to try to fill the gap.

As evidence for this, Butterworth notes that the same chemicals which cause cancerous tumors at MTD levels usually cause no tumors at lower levels, even though they may still be many times higher than anyone could possibly ingest in a lifetime. This was the case with Alar and UDMH, in which neither caused tumors in lab animals below the MTD range. According to Ames, "If you drop the test level to one-half of MTD, you lose two-thirds of carcinogens."

"Half of [the chemicals] we call carcinogenic really aren't," says Butterworth. "They will not produce cancer at levels in which they are ingested in real life." Butterworth is not unaware of what this implies for policy. "Our public cancer policy is dramatically off target and we're scaring people to death," he says.

The famed Oxford epidemiologist Richard Peto, who evaluates mouse tests for the IARC, stated a similar thesis a decade earlier:

> . . . any chemical which causes proliferation or necrosis in any organ that is subject to spontaneous cancers is likely to modify the onset rate of tumors in that organ, and since the aim of most animal experiments is to study a dose which is nearly, but not quite, sufficient to cause significant weight loss or mortality within three months, it is not surprising that so many chemicals at such doses can cause cancers in animals.

Concludes Ames:

> It seems likely, therefore, that a high percentage of all chemicals, both man-made and natural, will cause cell proliferation at the [MTD level] and be classified as carcinogens, but most of these may be acting as promoters and therefore may not be of interest at doses much below the toxic dose.

In the 1960s, Sri Lanka stopped spraying its mosquitoes with DDT as a result of the warnings in *Silent Spring*. The incidence of malaria jumped from nearly zero to 2.5 million cases and 10,000 deaths before the country began spraying again.

Where, then, does the failure of the MTD test model leave us? One alternative is the testing of lab animals at lower doses, although this still allows the problem of extrapolating from mouse to man. Another is the Ames mutagenicity test. Finally, there is epidemiology, which faces the intractable problem of taking many years to yield results. Ultimately, however, the removal of the MTD model itself may be the best thing ever to happen to carcinogen testing. So long as the emperor is convinced he is wearing clothes, he has no reason to get dressed. Public acceptance that MTD testing cannot do the job could provide the impetus to develop testing procedures that truly work to protect the public. To do this we must redirect more research into the basic science of what causes cancer.

The Wages of Crying Wolf

Perspective is deadly to the apocalyptics. In blasting Koshland's *Science* editorial, Dr. Edward Groth of the Consumers Union came out boldly and declared:

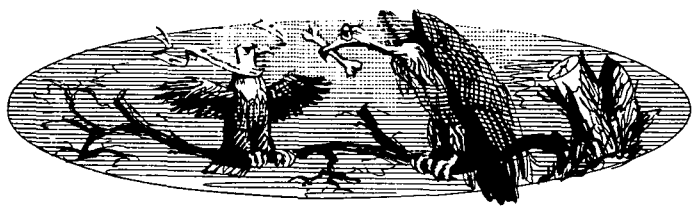
> The scientific facts (estimates of how big the risk is, with all their inherent uncertainties) are just part of what the public knows about Alar. The policy choices—both the personal and the public kind—depend on far more than facts. . . . [They are] heavily influenced by moral dimensions of the risk.

And there you have it. For all the talk about facts and studies and science, what it really comes down to is a moral or quasi-religious dimension. So what if UDMH only causes cancer in mice and not rats? Ban Alar. So what if by the same or even stricter standards more than a score of natural chemicals have been found to be carcinogenic and have not been banned? Ban Alar. So what if, even assuming UDMH to be a human carcinogen, it's highly possible that its benefits outweigh its risks? Ban Alar. In the 1960s, Sri Lanka stopped spraying its mosquitoes with DDT as a result of the warnings in *Silent Spring*. The incidence of malaria jumped from nearly zero to 2.5 million cases and 10,000 deaths before the country began spraying again. Woodsman, spare that mosquito. As to Alar specifically, Ames and Gold assert that apples falling to the ground prematurely allow the growth of molds which could possibly pose a greater risk to human health than anybody's estimate of the carcinogenic effect of Alar. NRDC's absolutism, however, would not have allowed a balancing of actual sickness and death versus theoretical.

And where does this leave NRDC? For now, sitting pretty. Its media campaign was a brilliantly executed end run around the court system, the legislature, and—most importantly—scientific peer review. It scored a touchdown of terror. The first to suffer were the stores, then the apple growers, then Uniroyal. Uniroyal and the stores will get by, as will most of the apple growers. The ultimate victims are those for whom the NRDC claims to be an advocate, the consumers.

Fenton boasted to the leftist magazine *Propaganda Review* that because of the Alar scare, "Lines started forming in health food stores. The sales of organic produce soared. All of which we were very happy about." It's easy for well-off people like David Fenton or the attorneys of the NRDC to pay "natural food store" prices for their staples, but what about the marginal poor who cannot qualify for food stamps or the poor who refuse to use them? As the environmental writer for the *Los Angeles Times* noted, "While the NRDC has 30 lawyers and 20 scientists, it has no economist to weigh the costs of an environmental reform against its benefits." In late October, Janet Hathaway, in response to a Bush Administration pesticide-monitoring plan, stated, "Allowing the EPA to condone continued use of a chemical whenever the *benefits outweigh the risks* is absolutely anathema to the environmental community." Even when the benefits outweigh the risks? Apparently. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



EAST SIDE STORY

by James P. Pinkerton

There are half a million people jammed into the eleven square miles of the Los Angeles Police Department's East Side Division. The newest immigrants are from south of south of the border, mostly El Salvador. The demographics are Third World: few old people, lots of children. Many are on public assistance, but the ambition that brought them to El Norte inspires them to work, starting with the gritty jobs citizens spurn.

Spend one Saturday night with the CRASH (Community Resources Against Street Hoodlums) Unit of the LAPD and you'll wonder how people could ever romanticize street gangs. On the screen they sing and dance in finger-snapping formation, fighting chivalrously for love and honor. In today's Los Angeles they idle amid alcohol and urine on stoops and porches, pawing at their women and toying with their guns, waiting for the next petty rip-off or drive-by shooting.

If the East Side Division has no relation to *West Side Story*, neither is it like *Fort Apache, The Bronx*, the 1980 Paul Newman movie that defined urban decay for the popular imagination. It is poor but upwardly mobile, a hub of light manufacturing, and home to the service workers who clean the offices, houses, and pools of the Anglophone affluent. A good analogy is Hell's Kitchen, the brawling, boozing Manhattan underworld that steeled the Irish for their climb up the ladder.

As a "ride-along" with the East Side CRASH Unit on a recent Saturday night, I watched twelve cops deal with about 5,000 "gangbangers." The "bangers" are the sharks of the East Side sea: predatory, yet part of the urban ecology. The dragnet of the law may catch the big fish—the green card counterfeiters, the wanted killers—but a wide legal mesh lets the rest slip through.

Ten p.m. My guide for the evening, Sgt. Knight,[1] has driven the black-and-white just a few blocks from the station before he points into a sidewalk crowd. All I see is a tableau of neon, white shirts, and shadows. "Crack dealers," he says, with the precision of an ornithologist. I squint, straining to identify a familiar visual cue. It feels like first grade, puzzling over *My Weekly Reader*, trying to count the giraffes hidden in the picture.

"Why don't you bust them?"

"Wouldn't stick," says Knight. "The lawyers would say, 'No probable cause. How could the arresting officer have seen the alleged transaction from a moving car at night?' Maybe the perp[*etrator*] plea bargains, or we can get him on a pro[*bation*] violation. So he does six months. These dudes aren't afraid of jail: it's an extension of their lifestyle, not much worse than the way they live now." What they *do* fear is deportation: a perverse tribute to the standard of living America affords its prison population.

On the next corner a teenager signals. What does he want? As Knight stops the car, he has no way of knowing whether the kid wants to give him a tip or shoot him. The kid doesn't know, either. He's stoned; wants to get to Hyacinth Boulevard. Not tonight. LAPD's motto is "To Protect and to Serve": nothing about "to transport."

A bulletin blusters over the radio: "Three-CRASH-one. See the man, Ninth and Remington. Shots fired. Suspect described as Hispanic male, black pants, white T-shirt." Amazing: just like "Adam 12." We arrive to back up two cops who have five suspects hugging a wall. Barking at them in Spanish to keep their legs apart, their hands behind their heads, and their fingers locked, the cops frisk them roughly and thoroughly. It looks harsh, but they've learned that a tiny derringer can kill you just as dead as an AK-47.

However, these guys aren't out to hurt anyone. They're Hispanic Ralph Kramdens, working-class stiffs who were drinking *cerveza* on the street when the cops responded. They say they don't know who fired the shots. They may be gangbangers, but that loose term covers everyone from trigger-happy adolescents to the mellow middle-aged. (Hispanic gangs are generally territorial, organized into "sets" to defend turf. By contrast, the mostly black Bloods and Crips focus on money, sharing the city's drug traffic with Asian and white biker gangs.)

When the cops arrived, one of the men was cradling a shiny metal contraption with knobs and hooks, easily mistaken for a sawed-off shotgun. He finally persuades the officers that it's a carpet-puller. It's no crime to carry a gun look-alike, but it's not too bright in an area where so many carry the real thing. The carpet man gets his implement back, along with a lecture on street deportment.

Another shooting: the turf of the Loco Ponies, a wild bunch implicated in a recent drive-by shooting. Adrenalin thrills through me as we race over. "Secret Agent Man," the old Johnny Rivers song, reverberates in my naive head ("There's a man who leads a life of danger . . . "). Then I think to ask whether the cops wear bulletproof vests. "Of course," comes the answer. A chill goes down my unprotected spine. The night was young, but the spring was out of my step. Naked prey that I was, I quickly adapted to crouching and terrain-hugging.

Our black-and-white and an unmarked police car converge from opposite ends of the street. Knight and the other driver kill their headlights; police never illuminate each other in unknown situations. Two teenage couples lounging on the stoop proclaim their innocence before the cops say a word.

More cops come and probe the darkness with their flashlights, finding more bangers in the alley. Soon a dozen teens line the sidewalk. The CRASH Unit knows most of them, but they carry packs of "field identification cards" to record new information, including "*moniker/alias.*" Often fellow gangbangers know each other only as "Cuchito," or "Droopy," or "Juke." The boys are ordered to remove their shirts, revealing serpentine tattoos on their left shoulder blades. They've all been "jumped in" to the gang, an initiation that includes a brutal beating. If they can survive that, these "made" homeboys can laugh at a post-Miranda police interrogation.

Sometimes the girls are more responsive. But not Little Suzie. Asked if she's been arrested before, she answers with some pride that she was busted for GTA (Grand Theft Auto). When? Age 12. She was shot in the back last year. Having made a full recovery, she's an equal opportunity gang member.

Sergeant Knight escorts another girl, Serena, away from the group. He takes a fatherly approach: Why is she hanging with these losers? "I'm not in the Loco Ponies," she says, although she likes to kick back with them. Knight tells Serena that a girl her age was shot in a drive-by the previous Tuesday.

[1]The names have been changed to protect the innocent, the guilty, and the everyday heroic.

James P. Pinkerton works in Washington, D.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Serena shrugs. Knight presses: "We think the Loco Ponies did it."

"It wasn't us—I mean them. It wasn't the Ponies." Serena covers her mouth, winces, and looks away. She's scared now—not of Knight, but of her peers, who must wonder what she's saying to the cops.

"How old are you?" Knight asks. Serena says 18. Right. She'll be of age by the '96 Olympics, if she lives that long. Serena is from Glendale, an old-line suburb ten miles away. What can you say to a kid who commutes to be part of . . . this? Sgt. Knight shakes his head and returns her to the line-up.

A cop finds a loaded .38 in the bushes. Since nobody claims ownership, the piece will be taken to the lab for an evidence check and destroyed. As for the shots fired, no witness means no arrest. I look around and understand why the neighbor who anonymously called 911 does not want to come forward. Since loitering isn't a violation anymore, all the CRASH cops can do is disperse the bangers. They'll reassemble tomorrow, maybe even later tonight.

Cop talk here is a stilted jargon of Latinate words, acronyms, and numbers. They don't say: "Sgt. Knight talked to the girl and then let her go." They say: "The officer counseled and released the detainee." Cops never arrest someone if they can "apprehend the individual." Arrests for "CCW" (carrying a concealed weapon) and "ADW" (assault with a deadly weapon) are common. Armed robbery is a "Two-eleven," after its citation in the California Penal Code. Domestic disputes are "Two-seven-threes." A prostitute is a "Bee," for Section 647-B.

The gangs are on to the police patois. Murder is Section 187 of the Code: when bangers want to intimidate someone they spraypaint his name and "187" in conspicuous places. If that person should happen to die, the gangs superimpose a cross on the original graffito. I thought of the ace of spades, death's calling card in the Old West. Same thing. The ancient Greeks did it, too. Small world.

Another shooting. Code 2. That means hurry, but don't use your "reds" or your siren. Code 1 means "Pick up your laundry on your way over," while at the words "officer down," all available radio cars scramble, and even the most fearless urban bicycle messenger is wise to stay on the sidewalk.

As we roll, Knight spots a derelict shambling across the asphalt. He brakes the car, deliberately blocking the intersection to prevent another vehicle from mowing the man down. One more story in the naked city, which Knight would never think to log. Knight has been a part of these stories for his two decades on the force. Pushing fifty, he is still lean and taut, but also graying and wrinkling. Knight has no desire to be another black-bordered photograph on the wall at the station house; but unconscious courage empowers him to walk up to strangers in pitch-black alleys with only a flashlight in his hand.

Our Code 2 is a bug-eyed man silently clutching his bloody forearm. A .22 slug has made a clean entrance and a slightly less clean exit. It looks painful; if it were my arm, I'd share my feelings with the world. But then I've never used fortified wine or crack as an anaesthetic.

"Who shot you?" the cops ask. Dunno, he says. Maybe he's in shock, or too wasted to remember. Maybe he doesn't want to fink on a buddy who plunked him. His mellow attitude toward ballistic trauma argues for the proposition that life is cheap. Knight opines that the crime will probably not be solved.

The ambulance comes, followed by a mobile TV news unit (they monitor the police frequencies). The emergency medical technician examines the victim, who refuses a gurney. "Okay, stallion, have it your way," the EMT sighs. He knows better than to challenge a man who barely notices a bullet wound. The mini-cam guys take off, too. Not enough blood.

That night, the number of drive-by shootings for the year surpassed 100 when three Lynwood kids were killed as they sat in their Oldsmobile. Three children were kidnapped. Another boy played Russian roulette—and lost.

Enforcing the law in this part of town is like picking mercury off a floor. In a city of 3.3 million, the 8,253 cops can move crime around with sweeps and barricades, but they can't clean it up. Last year the cops recorded 324,486 crimes, a quarter of them violent, including 873 homicides. For the most part, the police just process misery, like actuaries or epidemiologists.

The city is starting to turn the wheels of justice a little faster. The new Street Terrorism Enforcement and Protection Act (STEP) is what L.A. attorneys call "a baby RICO": if cops can "establish a pattern of gang activity," prosecutors can serve them with an injunction, which effectively relaxes search-and-seizure rules for the police. STEP will make a real difference if it survives a court challenge.

Driving past a herd of stretch limos corraled in front of an old warehouse, Knight identifies "Delirium," a trendy club for Hollywood slummers. As in the East, the hippest, hottest places are in dangerous neighborhoods. Whites from the West Side, dressed in night-crawler black, queue up to boogie down. The knowledge that locals are shot and killed around the corner only adds to the fun of cruising down to the wild side of town, so long as valet parking is provided.

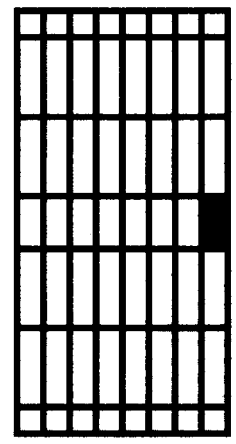
East Side is violent, but so were Dodge City and Al Capone's Chicago, and the gumption and pluck that has brought people to the East Side, to the threshold of the American Dream, will someday soon carry them over. The newest hyphenated Americans deserve life, liberty, and the pursuit of *happiness*. Their progress would be eased if they were physically safer, if a jaded avant-garde had to look elsewhere for violence to romanticize. □

One out of fifty adults in America is controlled by a system in crisis....

"A road map out of chaos toward reason in the American way of punishment." —Daniel Schorr, National Public Radio

"Compelling.... Policymakers, legislators, civic leaders and ordinary citizens fed up with the present state of the justice system would do well to consult this most lucid study."
—ABA Journal

"A book we should ponder, debate and put to the trial."
—Chicago Tribune



BETWEEN PRISON AND PROBATION

INTERMEDIATE PUNISHMENTS IN A RATIONAL SENTENCING SYSTEM

Published by Oxford University Press

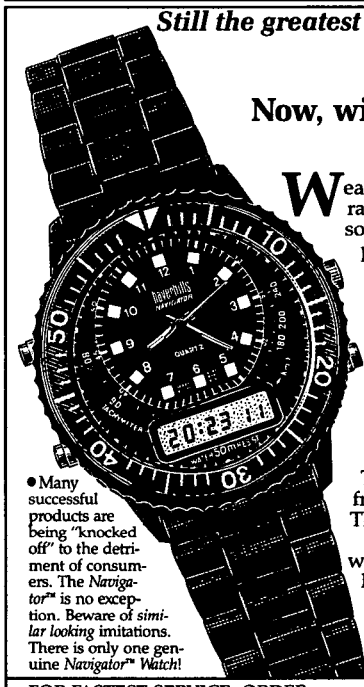
NORVAL MORRIS and MICHAEL TONRY

Still the greatest watch value in the U.S.: the original . . .

Navigator™ Watch

Now, with new ratcheted safety bezel, and still only $49.95*

***But read the ad for an even better deal!**



Wear this watch to work, to play, to swim and dive – and to rally. The *Navigator™ Watch* by Rodell-7 is steered by a sophisticated ultra-accurate Japanese quartz movement powered by a tiny mercury cell. It should last at least 18 months before you need replace it. The *Navigator™* has *both* luminous analog dial *and* LCD display. It gives you dual time capability. The LCD display shows time continuously – in 12-hr. or 24-hr. mode. Push the button and display day and date. There is a subtle yet insistent alarm and a switchable hourly time signal. The stopwatch/chronograph reads to 1/100 secs. and has "interrupt" and "lap" modes. A light switch illuminates the display.

Navigator™ comes in two executions: matte black (as shown) or matte silvertone. It is water-resistant to 150 ft. The new, exclusive ratcheted safety bezel prevents you from staying underwater longer than you had planned. The crystal is "mineral glass" – it is virtually scratch-proof.

We are the exclusive U.S. representatives of Rodell-7 watches and are able to offer the Navigator for just $49.95. Fine stores and national mail-order houses offer virtually identical watches for $120 or more. But here is an even better deal: ***Buy two for $99.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments, absolutely FREE!*** Take advantage of this outstanding offer while it is available.

• Many successful products are being "knocked off" to the detriment of consumers. The *Navigator™* is no exception. Beware of *similar looking* imitations. There is only one genuine *Navigator™ Watch*!

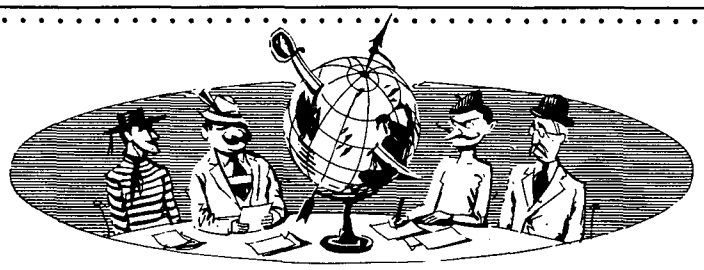
FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week
Please give order #1012A414 for black or #1018A414 for silvertone. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone # for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add shipping/insurance: $5.95 for one; $6.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

Note: For quantity orders (100+), with your company logo on the dial, call Mr. Ernest Gerard at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPECTATOR'S JOURNAL



ROMANIA WATCH

by Victor Gold

On the eve of Romania's May 20 election, the student "hooligans" who had started it all last December were still talking it up in the square at Timisoara. An American visitor saw it as Hyde Park, Romanian-style; which is to say that not all of the speakers stuck to somber polemics. Some sang original revolutionary songs, others delivered comedy routines. But whether speaking, singing, or doing parody impressions of their late, despised dictator, all performed with the unleashed energy of young people who've had to bottle it up over the years, under penalty of death or worse.

There are two regnant theories of sidewalk justice that prevail when the fate of Nicolae and Elena Ceausescu is mentioned. One school of thought, which might be viewed as a kind of Romanian Civil Liberties Union thesis, is that the Ceausescus should have been brought before a Nuremberg-like tribunal, tried and then shot; the second is that, trial or no trial, they should have been dispatched in slow, painful stages.

To the extent that this second option might offend the civil sensibilities of a visitor, let it be said that it reflects not so much a cruel national temperament as it does the legacy of a quarter-century of Romania's systematic brutalization by a Marxist Caligula who preferred to maim rather than kill his victims. Hitler, relishing scratchy film of his enemies hanging lifeless from meathooks, had something to learn from Ceausescu, who once ordered his foreign intelligence aide Ion Pacepa to silence, not kill, a dissident Romanian living in Paris, in this way: "She should be beaten to a pulp and have her jaw, teeth, and arms broken, so that she will never again be able to speak or write," Ceausescu directed. "Beaten in her own home so that she and others will learn that no place is safe for people who calumniate the proletarian dictatorship, not even their own homes . . ."

On the eve of the election following Ceausescu's overthrow and execution, one of the speakers in the square at Timisoara recalled that dark period in the life of his country, then ventured the hope that regardless of the outcome of the vote, Romania's tomorrow would be better than its yesterday.

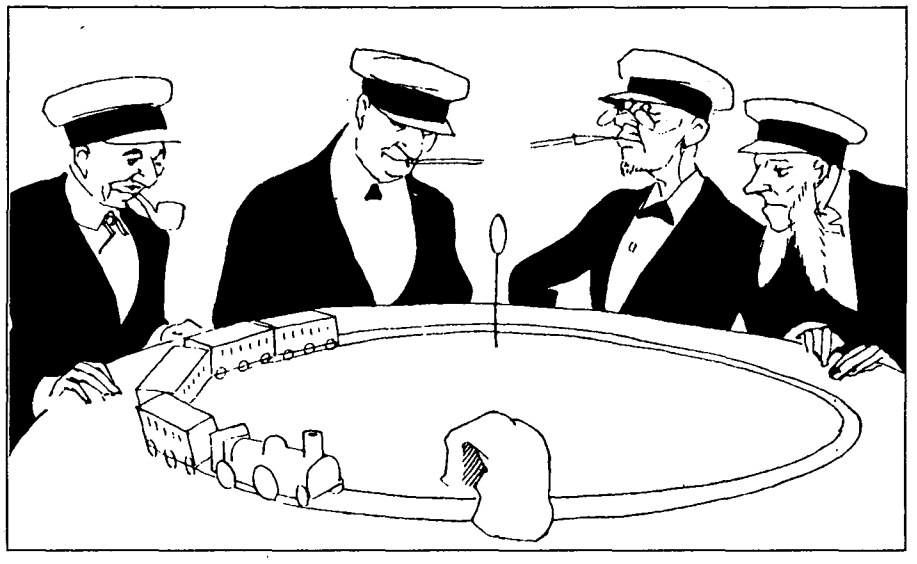
Someone in the crowd shouted a response and the crowd picked it up. I asked our interpreter what they were chanting. He said it was, "Freedom, freedom, freedom!"

Of the impressions I brought back after traveling to Romania as an election observer, the strongest was that the revolution begun there last December was not yet over; nor would it be, until the crowds in Timisoara and in Bucharest's University Square said it was over. Middle-aged and older Romanians (notably labor-unionists), having known nothing but a socialist order since the end of World War II, might be willing to settle for some modified version of a statist society—Ceausescuism without Ceausescu. But young Romanians, having defied and defeated one of the most brutal dictatorships in history, aren't going to settle for the old order in a new guise. When they say "freedom," they have a model in mind and it goes far beyond anything Mikhail Gorbachev and his post-Marxist reformers have in mind when they speak of glasnost and perestroika.

"Here," said a young election official, pointing to a copy of the U.S. Constitution translated into Romanian. "This is our guide." Then, in one of those goosebump-producing lines that Oliver Stone or Ed Asner would swear had been programmed by the CIA (or written on cue cards for Ronald Reagan), he added: "America is the beacon of freedom for the world."

On the following day, Romanians turned out to vote in record numbers. The frequently heard line is that they cast ballots in their country's first free election in forty-five years. More accurately, it was the first in Romanian history. They queued up in lines often two blocks long, then turned in their identity cards in exchange for official rubber stamps to mark their ballot choices. After voting, they returned the stamps to election officials to get back their identity cards; a primitive method, but as New Mexico Governor Garrey Carruthers, head of our observer team, pointed out, if it's the Romanian way to keep people from voting twice, who are we to argue?

Was Romania's May 20 national election free and fair? News accounts told of voter coercion and fraud in some areas, but based on what our observer team saw and heard, I'd say it was a valid election, applying generally accepted standards of what constitutes a free-and-fair vote. Not to dismiss reports of irregularities; only to say that in visiting fifty or so urban and rural polling sites in three widespread areas of the country—including late-night spot checks of the actual vote count—our group came upon no incident of fraud or coercion.



How then to explain the landslide victory of, as one television report loosely put it, "the closest thing to a Communist option" on the Romanian ballot? In this random observer's view, the main reason for this outcome lay in the fact that after a quarter-century of paralyzing Ceausescuism, the anti-Communist opposition in Romania was unequipped to conduct an effective national campaign on six months' notice. The most obvious evidence was the inability of either the Liberal or the Peasant party to achieve even a semblance of unity among those opposing Ion Iliescu and the National Salvation Front. Eighty-three parties were listed on the ballot, adding to the confusion of those participating in their first free election.

Compounding this failure, the opposition leaders challenging Iliescu for the presidency—Liberal candidate Radu Campeanu and Peasant party leader Ion Ratiu—were no match for the wily Iliescu when the opportunity came to reach a nationwide audience in a two-hour televised debate during the final days of the campaign. With Campeanu having spent a decade, and Ratiu thirty years, in enforced exile, Iliescu was able to press the point that, whatever the reasons they had for their absence, his opponents weren't in touch with Romania's needs.

In short, the NSF didn't have to rely on coercion and fraud to win the May 20 election. Nurtured on a socialist order, the majority of Romanians, though opposed to Ceausescu-style Communism, cast their ballots for democratic change-within-limits; though as subsequent events have

Victor Gold, national correspondent for The American Spectator, *was a member of the official White House team sent to observe the recent Romanian elections.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shown, neither Ion Iliescu nor his party were as known a quantity as those voting for them might have imagined.

As originally assigned, this was to be a "Letter From Romania" filed by an on-site observer of the May 20 election. That it would be outdated before ever appearing in print was, it turns out, foreshadowed by a post-election conversation that took place in Bucharest between Garrey Carruthers and Ion Iliescu.

Discussing the election, Carruthers brought up the absence of television in large areas of Romania; only to draw a complaint from Iliescu to the effect that the four stations the country already had were bad enough. Television commentators, he went on at some length, had criticized him unfairly during the campaign. "Mr. President," Carruthers replied, "in our country, when a candidate wins in a landslide, he lets bygones be bygones." In a democracy, added New Mexico's governor, criticism goes with the territory.

It was a point aptly made, but one that Iliescu, judging from his sour expression, found unpalatable. Looking back, I believe he had the miners in his plans even then. But given the spirit of freedom I saw in the streets of Bucharest and Timisoara in May, miners or no miners, I wouldn't bet a plugged leu that the neo-Communist thug who walked in Nicolae Ceausescu's footsteps in June will be running Romania come December. □

THE PUBLIC POLICY

MOYNIHAN AND THE CONSERVATIVES

by Robert W. Kasten, Jr.

Sen. Daniel P. Moynihan (D-NY) has unwittingly proposed one of the most pro-family legislative initiatives in recent years—a cut in the Social Security tax. The measure would reverse the accumulated federal tax bias against families, leaving them with more of their own income to invest in their children. Payroll tax cuts would spark economic growth. So why haven't conservatives grabbed this ball and run with it?

I have recently been joined by the Heritage Foundation and Citizens for a Sound Economy in the crusade for a payroll tax cut. Most conservatives, however, are divided over how to respond to Moynihan's initiative. Fearful of a backlash from senior citizens, most conservative politicians—including my friends Newt Gingrich and Vin Weber—support the status quo. Free marketeers see the Moynihan opening as a rare chance for fundamental reform of Social Security.

From a political standpoint, conservatives are in danger of surrendering the field of pro-family, pro-growth economics to the liberal Democrats. While Democrats in Washington have kept the Moynihan plan at arm's length, those on the grassroots level have responded with a rising wave of enthusiasm. Last May, the Democratic National Committee and the centrist Democratic Leadership Council endorsed the Moynihan plan.

Ironically, the Moynihan plan stems from a conservative Republican initiative. Two years ago, Jack Kemp and I saw the threat that the looming Social Security tax surplus was posing to the economy, and we proposed legislation to cut the payroll tax. A GOP plan to cut taxes didn't break any new political ground. Perhaps more importantly, the Social Security surplus was small, and few people fully comprehended its role in subsidizing the rest of the federal budget.

Skeptics claim that Senator Moynihan's real motive is to force President Bush to break his "no new taxes" pledge. Whether or not that's true, I believe we should take advantage of every opportunity to cut taxes. And now more than ever, the American family needs a tax cut: *From 1955 to 1988, the federal tax burden on middle-income families rose twice as fast as their income.* In 1955, a median-income family of four paid federal taxes at an average rate of 9 percent a year. In 1970, it paid 16 percent and, by 1988, 24 percent.

The chief culprit has been the payroll tax, which has risen 400 percent since 1955. Today, 74 percent of taxpayers pay more in combined payroll taxes than they do in income taxes. To be sure, rising income taxes and the erosion of the personal exemption have contributed to this rising family tax burden. But the 1981 and 1986 Reagan tax reforms addressed these problems; tax rates were reduced and the personal exemption was doubled. The next logical step in pro-family tax reform is to cut the payroll tax.

American families have less and less take-home pay at a time when the costs of child-raising—child-care, health, housing, and college education—have outpaced inflation. Congress has responded by creating more federal programs for middle-income families, like Head Start and the Act for Better Child Care. Over time, these programs develop entrenched bureaucracies and special-interest constituencies who work to expand them further, requiring even higher taxes on families.

This high tax burden has changed family life in America—for the worse. Parents must spend more time working to pay the tax bills, and less time raising their children. Many mothers are now forced to enter the work force because one paycheck can't cover the combined costs of the monthly mortgage, the electric bill, and little Johnny's babysitter. And many young couples just cannot afford to have children.

We have to bring the tax burden down and leave families with more of their own income to invest in America's children. Cutting the Social Security tax is a good first step, which would save young families up to $600 per worker per year. Conservative activist Jeff Bell put it succinctly: "A lower payroll tax makes it easier to afford children, which is a different kind of real wealth." →

Robert W. Kasten, Jr. is the Republican senator from Wisconsin.

Does the "replica" outperform the famous original?

Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen only $39.95*

But read this ad for an even better deal.

One of the world's truly fine line of products is that of Europe's Montblanc pens, appropriately named after that continent's highest mountain. If you have ever written with a Montblanc pen, you know that writing with them is a delight and almost effortless. One substantial drawback, however, as with so many luxuries, is that their price is awfully high. It is easy to spend $150 or more for one of them. Our Japanese friends have created a "replica" of this outstanding pen, which (except for one small detail—it doesn't have that 6-pointed star on the top) is almost indistinguishable in appearance, heft and feel. Not surprisingly, they called it *Mount Fuji*. It has the same hi-lacquer finish, with goldtone accents, as the famous original. The ceramic writing tip provides silk-smooth, effortless writing. It will never flatten or skip, even after hardest and longest use.

•The great reservoir of the Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen holds enough ink to draw a line 6.3 miles long. That is enough to write a medium-size novel. But just in case your literary requirements go beyond that, we include an extra tip and an extra ink reservoir.

The most remarkable thing about the *Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen* is its price. We are the exclusive direct mail distributors of this splendid writing instrument and can offer it therefore for just $39.95. But, we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $79.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Discard those tacky ballpoint pens and those clumsy felt tips. Write smoothly and easily, give character and good appearance to your writing. And make a really great buy. Treat yourself to better writing and get your *Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen(s)* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **Code #4800A413.** If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone # for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add shipping/insurance: $4.95 for one; $6.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SARKES TARZIAN INC

WRCB, CHANNEL 3, CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

KTVN, CHANNEL 2, RENO, NEVADA

WTTS, 92 3 FM BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA

WGCL, 1370 AM, BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA

WAJI, 95.1 FM, FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

CENTRAL OFFICE, BOX 62, BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA 47402
TELEPHONE 812 332 7251

Providing the Best Radio and Television Service

Moreover, a payroll tax cut would actually strengthen the Social Security system. We are often reminded about Social Security's declining ratio of workers to beneficiaries and how the ultimate health of the Social Security system itself depends on the productivity of tomorrow's workers. What could be more foolish than to keep boosting an already heavy tax burden, thus discouraging families from bringing up these bright and productive future workers?

Some pro-family advocates argue that instead of cutting payroll taxes, we should double the personal exemption again. To be sure, this measure would help the family. But from an economic standpoint, a payroll tax cut is clearly superior: it reduces a burdensome excise tax on both labor and capital, and it increases work incentives. Furthermore, payroll tax cuts have the political support of a broad-based coalition of senior citizens, small business, and labor groups.

One proposed conservative response to the Moynihan plan—privatization of Social Security—is highly inappropriate. First of all, the American people strongly support Social Security. The fact that most politicians from both parties are wary of even supporting a payroll tax cut is a testament to Social Security's public support.

I can appreciate some of the economic arguments for a private-sector retirement system. But I am convinced that privatization would undermine the traditional family.

Privatization would strip away the Social Security spousal retirement benefit, thus eliminating one of the few federal subsidies for traditional families. Social Security provides additional benefits equal to 50 percent of the principal wage-earner's benefits for mothers who have decided to work at home to raise their children. Therefore, workers in traditional families receive a greater rate of return on their payroll tax contributions. Not everyone would experience higher rates of return on private retirement accounts than they would under Social Security.

Libertarians might argue that the federal government has no role to play in the way people organize their lives. But I think most conservatives would agree that the traditional family is the basic building block of a prosperous and morally strong America. That's why conservatives support pro-family tax breaks and programs that help keep two-parent families intact. Privatizing Social Security would eliminate an important subsidy for motherhood.

Furthermore, proposals to replace Social Security with a private sector retirement system face practical problems. Economist John Mueller points out that the last generation opting out of Social Security would have to pay for retirement twice—once for its parents under the current system, and once for itself under the new private system. This would lead to a multi-billion dollar tax increase that would reduce economic growth and throw millions of people out of work.

The Social Security system works, and should remain the bedrock of America's retirement system. But that doesn't mean we should not encourage private savings to supplement Social Security. We should encourage people to deposit their payroll tax cut savings into tax-deferred vehicles like President Bush's Family Savings Plan. In fact, the combination of pro-growth tax cuts, private savings incentives, and increased immigration could reduce the expected need to raise payroll taxes to fund the baby boom's retirement three decades from now.

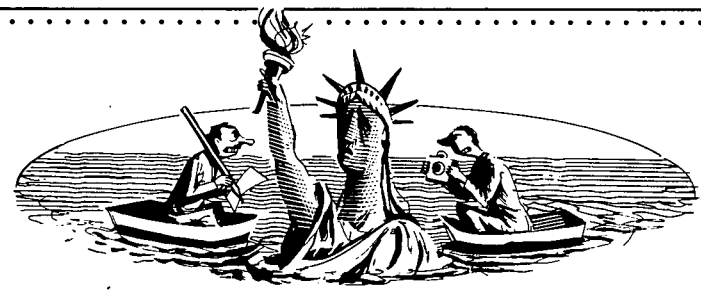
We have a huge Social Security surplus today because we based the 1983 reforms on projections of slow economic growth for the rest of the decade. In the future, artificially high taxes will make the low-growth prophecies a reality. We should not try to project economic policy that far into the future, setting in stone tax increases that are unnecessary.

We should improve on the Moynihan proposal by leaving a larger reserve in the fund. By using some of the savings to eliminate the Social Security earnings limit and the onerous taxation of Social Security benefits, we can give the elderly more freedom to work, save, and invest.

What about the budget deficit? If we simply spend the same amount of money next year that we spent this year, we would more than offset the $40 billion revenue loss from this tax cut. And as long as President Bush sticks to his "no new taxes" pledge, the Gramm-Rudman budget-cutting process can take care of the rest. If the President agrees to a tax increase as part of a budget deal with Congress, then the new revenue should be used to finance a payroll tax cut. Alternatively, the Gramm-Rudman deficit targets could be adjusted to reflect the lower level of tax revenue.

Unless conservatives unite to cut payroll taxes today, the $3.2 trillion tax increase—that's how much the excess payroll tax will take from workers over the next three decades—will result in lower productivity, fewer jobs, and economic stagnation. We can't let that happen—so let's seize this opportunity to return some freedom and autonomy to America's families. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



CONFESSIONS OF A NETWORK NEWSMAN

by Terry Eastland

I doubt there are better ways to chart trends in American journalism than to observe the career of Fred Graham, best known for his work as CBS law correspondent during the seventies and eighties. With Graham's bittersweet and well-written memoir in hand, *Happy Talk: Confessions of a TV Newsman*,[1] the task is made easy.

Graham, now fifty-eight, is the son of a Presbyterian preacher. He grew up in Texarkana, on the Arkansas side. Here's the early resume: Yale, the Marines, Vanderbilt Law, Oxford. He wrote with Tom Wicker at the *Nashville Tennessean*, and worked in the Kennedy Administration before joining the *New York Times* as its law correspondent in 1965.

In those days there was an affinity between the media and the presidency that involved a commonality of political interest—liberalism. In those days, too, the *New York Times* was the uncontested numero uno of print journalism. Watergate changed that, as the *Washington Post* beat what Graham calls the "sleepwalking" *Times* to the punch. Broadcast news—two words that could be uttered without irony back then—also came of age in the early seventies, and Graham joined CBS in 1972. There he pioneered the network's law coverage—and was well paid, indeed "overpaid," he writes, his salary climbing to $100,000 by 1979.

Graham says the seventies were the golden years for CBS News. "We were print-style journalists who showed pictures while we told the news." The network had "standards" and "prestige." It didn't last. "Infotainment" became the ruling standard in the early eighties. Gradually CBS—and the other networks as well—lost viewers of their news programs. Graham, pulling down $255,000 in 1985, joined the long list of those purged by a management less and less interested in substance. Still, he thought television news worth the candle and signed on as a local news anchor, in his adopted hometown of Nashville. He wore a "soap-opera Afro," learned that anchoring is little more than news reading, and tried to engage in the "happy talk" required of local co-anchors. Graham lasted fourteen months. During that time a new trend set in—local news across the nation started losing big chunks of its audience.

Graham remains a believer in television. He thinks serious journalists must stay in it and try to redeem it. And he sees multiple opportunities in the rise of cable television. Graham recently signed on as anchor of the first full-time cable channel devoted to legal affairs, an initiative of the crafty Steven Brill, publisher of the *American Lawyer*. The American Trial Network will make its debut in early 1991.

I phoned Graham in his New York office, and we talked about his odyssey as a journalist.

• • •

Q: *Why did you become a journalist after being educated at Yale, Vanderbilt, and Oxford?*

A: You make it sound as if it's almost a job unbefitting a person who . . .

Q: *I didn't mean to put it quite like that.*

A: Well, when I first got into journalism it was almost like that. I took a job at the *Nashville Tennessean* as a way of working my way through the Vanderbilt Law School. Generally speaking, at that time [the mid-fifties] people who had a college education didn't become journalists. The *Tennessean* was encouraging people who had a good education and other career prospects to go into journalism, because it was an interesting career. The editor, Coleman Harwell, was one of those Southern gentlemen types from Sewanee who felt that a gentleman really could be a reporter. But not many people in journalism thought that. And that's when the bug bit. I practiced law for about five or six years and found it dull.

Q: *But you went to Oxford somewhere in there.*

A: I was at St. Catherine's College for a year on a Fulbright. Then I returned to Nashville and practiced law. And as I say, I found it pretty dull. And so I went up to Washington on Senator Estes Kefauver's staff. When he died, I got a job with Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz, writing speeches. Soon enough, I got a chance to switch into journalism. The *New York Times* decided to reassign Anthony Lewis from the legal beat to the London bureau. They felt that they wanted to continue the tradition of having a legally trained person on that beat. It was just a great stroke of luck on my part. People, really fine journalists, wanted that job. But they were holding out for someone with legal training. And that was so rare in those days that it almost came down to me. I was about the only person around that fit that description. Today, I would assume there would be two dozen.

Q: *When you worked for Wirtz, were you a political appointee or just a regular career official?*

A: No. I was a political appointee.

Q: *Did that experience help you as a journalist?*

A: I think it did. It gave me an idea of how government worked. And because of my stint I have never been subject to the assumption that everything in government is the result of a conspiracy, of some sort of venal motive.

Q: *But what about the revolving door between government and journalism? David Broder and others have written about that—*

A: I have seen those stories—

Q: *And I am wondering how you view that. I know in your book you address what you call the "coziness issue."*

A: There was a taint in those days, much more than there is now. I sort of concealed my background in government for a number of years. I really didn't talk about it.

Q: *The* Times *was not concerned?*

A: No.

Q: *Tell me about the relationship in the early 1960s between the Washington media and the presidency. Was it a hostile relationship, or was that to come with Vietnam and Watergate?*

A: If anything, it was the flip side of that. Those were the days when the media, to a great extent, was on the team with the Kennedy Administration. . . . There was a special kind of affinity between the Kennedys personally and some elements of the press.

Q: *The press was almost an adjunct of the presidency?* →

[1]W. W. Norton, $19.95.

Terry Eastland is resident scholar at the National Legal Center for the Public Interest.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A: Well, that's probably too strong. But the media generally had not been very critical. It had not covered the Kennedy Administration in a critical way. I went in to cover the Justice Department right after Bobby Kennedy had left. It had not been covered in a very critical way. And I was told by the *Times* to take a more critical look over there.

Q: *In your experience over the past twenty-five years, has there again been that kind of affinity or closeness between government and the media?*

A: No, I don't think there has been.

Q: *You worked seven years for the* New York Times. *Why did you leave the* Times *in 1972 to go to CBS?*

A: Well, it was a combination of two things. One was that as a legal journalist, I had done all I could at the *Times*. I had a kind of compact with myself that after I had stayed on that job longer than Anthony Lewis had, I would re-evaluate things. And when I had stayed longer than Tony, I asked myself, "What am I going to do next on the *Times*?" And it was a choice between staying for the rest of my career in that job, which I decided not to do, or go to another position on the *Times* in which I would be less well qualified than what I was doing. So I started saying—"Where else can I direct my legal background in journalism?" Television was a natural. This was just at the time it was becoming permissible to go from print to television. Douglas Kiker had done it, but not many had. It had just become acceptable.

Q: *Although, long before then, hadn't most people in television come from print?*

A: That's what everybody was originally.

Q: *Are you saying it changed, and, if so, when did it change?*

A: I don't know. If you look at the more senior people at CBS, almost all of them had been in print at some time: Marvin Kalb, Bob Pierpoint, George Herman. But when I got to CBS, they had all been in broadcasting for fifteen to twenty years. The younger ones, people like Lesley Stahl and Connie Chung and Bernard Shaw—they were all brought up in television. So what you had was people from print who were veterans who had been in broadcast so long that you almost forgot that they were once print people, or you had the younger people who had never been in print.

Q: *When you went to television in 1972, did print people look down upon television? Or did television look down upon print?*

A: The print people certainly looked down upon television.

Q: *Why was that?*

A: Television was becoming respectable. It was beginning to challenge print for prestige, for personnel, for acceptability. Some people in print felt threatened. There always were hard feelings about the higher salaries paid by television.

Q: *Let's stop on that point. At the* New York Times, *you made $19,000 in 1965. When you left in 1972, CBS paid you almost twice as much.*

A: I went to CBS for $36,000. We had not had much in the way of raises at the *Times*. I got a big increase.

Q: *So television people might have felt some superiority based on higher salary. And print people were jealous.*

A: That's right. And print people were unused to a basic fact of television—that it asks "dumb" questions. People in print did not understand that you have to get the person on camera saying some rather basic, essential things about the situation. And you have to ask a fairly basic question to elicit that answer. In those days, because it was rather new to have the TV people along on a lot of stories, print reporters just weren't used to hearing those basic questions. I think they thought the people who were asking them were dumb.

Q: *You've written that the 1970s were golden years for television news and CBS in particular. Suppose you were at the* New York Times *today and thinking about switching to network news, would your calculation be different from the one you made in 1972?*

A: I don't think I would do it.

Q: *Why?*

A: First of all, the networks don't have the commanding position that they had then. When I left the *Times* and went with CBS News it was really very exciting, in my mind, and I think it was justifiable to see the network in that way. Today the networks seem to be in continuing decline. Their news operations seem to be increasingly in trouble and their future in doubt. Another reason—which I write so much about in my book—is the "infotainment" element. If you are not intellectually comfortable with some of the stories that you are going to be required to do, that's not very satisfying. That would be very important to me.

Q: *When did infotainment begin?*

A: It started at CBS in 1981, after Dan Rather replaced Walter Cronkite.

Q: *A definition of infotainment?*

A: It's a mixture of information and entertainment designed to capture ratings.

Q: *Ratings started to drive television, rather than good journalism?*

A: Right.

Q: *In your book you talk about how network news sound-bites have become "so short as to defy understanding." They average nine seconds long. Does the First Amendment now stand for inarticulate grunts in the guise of news?*

A: That's a loaded question. It's not gotten that bad. In television, you are expressing ideas through pictures. If you ignore the fact that you are communicating through pictures, then you're not giving television its due. Where I part company with the networks is that in their eagerness for high ratings, they overemphasize the visual aspects of television in order to make it look more like prime time. That's to the detriment of telling the news. I saw that happen, and I participated in it, and it's regrettable.

Q: *It's hard for me to imagine a network hiring an Edwin Newman or a Fred Graham today. Am I giving you too much credit?*

A: Well, no one has been hired like that lately, have they? What you have

99 reasons to read

between the lines

Jane Fonda, Tom Hayden, Dan Rather, Norman Lear, Ed Asner, Tom Brokaw, Sam Donaldson, Martin Scorcese, Oliver Stone, Martin Sheen, Debra Winger, Paul Conrad, Lew Wasserman, Ted Turner, Ben Bradlee Sr., Ben Bradlee Jr., Morgan Fairchild, Barbara Walters, Tom Cruise, Paul Newman, Shirley MacLaine, Phil Donahue, A. Kent MacDougall, Robert Scheer, Constantine Costa-Gavras, Peter Jennings, Charles Winkler, Jack Lemmon, Barbra Streisand, Howard Hesseman, Judd Nelson, John Randolph, Pat Kingsley, Sally Field, Robert Redford, Leslie Stahl, Kathleen Sullivan, Bill Moyers, Kelly McGillis, Jonathan Kwitny, Kris Kristofferson, Robert Blake, Emilio Estevez, Mike Farrell, Charles Haid, Daphne Zuniga, Ralph Bakshi, Jackson Browne, Darryl Hannah, Little Stevie Van Zandt, Geraldo Rivera, Michael Douglas, Kirk Douglas, Burt Lancaster, Michael Gartner, Carl Rowan, Laurence Tisch, Rob Lowe, Robert Walden, Justine Bateman, Gregory Peck, Michael Tucker, Jill Eikenberry, Harvey Fierstein, Jack Valenti, David Crosby, Graham Nash, Frank Zappa, Bruce Christenson, Alexander Cockburn, Vladimir Posner, Max Frankel, Bill Thomas, Hugh Hefner, Bob Guccione, Larry Flynt, Bob Geldof, Bryant Gumbel, Jane Pauley, John Denver, Carl Bernstein, Bob Woodward, Jack Nelson, Stephen Kinzer, Walter Cronkite, Cathy Guisewite, Cher, Maria Lourdes Pallais, Tyne Daly, Valerie Harper, Saul Landau, Timothy Leary, Susan Sarandon, Dennis Weaver, Noam Chomsky, Barry Diller, Casey Kasem, Seymour Hersh, Alex Cox.

between the lines

exposing the biases of the liberal press and the abuses of the Hollywood Left

24 issues per year

YES, I want to subscribe to **between the lines**

☐ Enclosed is my check or money order for $29 for a full year.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Complete this form and send with check or money order to:

between the lines

325 Pennsylvania Avenue, S.E. Washington, DC 20003 AS4

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are the hard-core journalists leaving, and no one roughly equivalent to that joining the networks.

Q: *What's the future of network news? Can it expect the kind of golden years it once enjoyed? Or is the future more limited?*

A: I think it is uncertain. Something is happening technologically and psychologically. And there is a technological and psychological interaction going on with the American people that is unprecedented. Nobody really knows where it is taking us. There are more and more channels, more and more effects that you see on the TV, more motion, faster movement, more graphics, visually a more active screen. And the combination of those two things is causing a splintering of the audience. Nobody knows how many channels we are going to end up with. Nobody knows if anyone is going to be left with enough of an audience to mount the kind of news operation that you need to be first class. For the first time ever, viewership is down. And nobody knows why this is. People are almost stunned by the array of choices on the screen, the array of effects that they see when they watch the thing. Whether there will be three networks, and if three networks, a news division for each, is unclear.

Q: *This seems a good time to ask you about your new effort with the American Trial Network.*

A: If there is an upside to what's happening, then the opportunity we have is it. It may be that "narrow casting" will present opportunities for the kind of specialized journalism on television that we have seen in magazines. A lot of them have really flourished by pitching themselves at special interests.

Q: *That may be the upside, but doesn't it also mean that salaries in television are going to come down?*

A: That's already happened.

Q: *And would you say that this might be better, healthier for the industry in the long run?*

A: In some ways, yes. We are following the CNN model—young people, low salaries, no unions, lean and mean, hard workers. We are going with something new, with a big premium on youth and vitality and enthusiasm. On this matter of pay, I was interviewed on television the other day by John McLaughlin, and he was saying he is doing a lot on cable now, but, boy, the pay is really lower here, isn't it? And I said, yes, that's been my experience, too.

Q: *Do you intend to have "happy talk," as you call it, on the American Trial Network?*

A: My experience in Nashville, benighted as it was, has really been kind of helpful in this new enterprise. Because basically what I do is preside over the televising of trials and talk with judges and lawyers involved, to get them to explain what's going on. And so, as a result of doing happy talk, I know how to look at the right camera and . . . talk.

Q: *If cameras are allowed into the Supreme Court, will the American Trial Network become the American Appellate Network? Will you move up from the trial level?*

A: We would be there on a very limited basis. We are going to be a network for people, not for lawyers. We are going to make it very clear that this is intended for non-lawyers. On the weekends, we are going to do some programming for lawyers. And so that's probably where we would put the Supreme Court.

Q: *That's a different priority for someone who's worked in Washington.*

A: What we want to find is a case that has an issue in it that is important to the population beyond the fact of who gets convicted and who gets acquitted. What we are finding is that all of those we are now taping have one of these issues. For instance, we just finished one where a prisoner with AIDS bit a guard. Far more important than the viewer seeing whether the guy is going to get convicted of biting a guard, or of attempted murder, are all of these issues of AIDS, of whether prisoners should have access to AZT and all of those things. It made a pretty interesting trial.

Q: *What will keep the American Trial Network from lapsing into infotainment?*

A: We may come under some pressures to go towards flash and trash in order to make this a commercial success. All I can say is that based on my experience I am going to resist that. It'll be fun if I can write an article in five years saying that for the most part we've done okay.

Q: *You have a fair amount in your book about Watergate, which CBS hired you to cover initially. Watergate was a media event, and it also seemed to change the media. Did national journalists become arrogant at a certain point, in Watergate?*

A: "Arrogant" is the appropriate word. Those of us covering Watergate were so successful in aggressive, somewhat adversarial tactics, and it seemed to us appropriate. And the public did not seem very judgmental. They really didn't hold our feet to the fire and say, "Wait a minute, is this such a good idea?"

Q: *Was that because people saw Watergate as the exceptional case?*

A: That's right. It was the exceptional case that made people overlook some of our flaws. Very shortly after Watergate, as we employed the same sort of tactics to other news stories that came along, people started saying, "Wait a minute!"

Q: *The attitude of the national media toward the presidency has changed dramatically from the time you worked in the executive branch in the sixties. Is the media today going through a process of trying to sort itself out in terms of its attitude?*

A: Yes, but there's a parallel phenomenon in which the presidency has learned to use the media. I have in mind the Deaver business. The media realizes it's being used but has to go along on the theory that there might be some news to cover. In this evolving relationship the media is trying to figure out what it's supposed to do. I don't think it's been figured out yet.

Q: *Recently you wrote an extraordinary first paragraph in a review of Alex Haley's* The Evening News *for the* Washington Post Book World*: "One of the feats of modern communication is that the stars of the network evening news manage to be glamorous without necessarily being interesting. The reason is that journalists are by profession voyeurs, not normally participants in events that bring out revealing facets of human character." My question: Are journalists, these professional voyeurs, uninteresting people? Are they flat, one-dimensional characters?*

A: I think so. One of the things about being a journalist is that you have the luxury of standing aside from and above the fray and being judgmental. I think it casts us in a very glamorous and interesting role sometimes, but I don't think it makes us very interesting people.

Q: *The number of Americans watching network and local news is declining. Newspaper readership has effectively declined, since it has remained flat for some while now even as the population has increased. Do these trends bother you as a journalist? And is journalism a cause of these trends?*

A: I suspect not journalism but television is responsible for it. There are so many channels and so many types of fare that people are confused by it all. And there's confusion in the minds of people, as they watch television, as to what is fact and entertainment. The sum total is that not as many people are saying, "I have to get my journalism fix today." □

Writers, Researchers!

Gain Complete Control Over Your Scattered Notes, Memos, Clippings, Research Papers, And Letters... ...In Just 8 Minutes A Day!

Paper clutter makes you inefficient, frustrated, and can really hurt your career. You can't find things when you need them. You waste precious time searching for needed documents or information. Worst of all, you lose some of your best ideas, just when they would do the most good for your career. All because of paper clutter.

But in just 8 minutes a day, with **Squarenote™** on your IBM PC or compatible, you can gain complete control over your scattered notes, clippings, letters and documents. Locate any document, clipping, phone number, name, or idea in seconds. You'll never lose an idea again! You'll actually see the tops of your filing cabinets and desks, slim down your briefcase, and clean out your pockets.

Squarenote is the easiest-to-learn, easiest-to-use software ever created for the PC. It's for writers and researchers, not computer experts. It runs on any PC.

What **Squarenote** does for you is to collect all your information into one accessible, printable, sortable index card file... like the card files you have used for years.

"This program saved my neck when faced with teaching two new courses and only two months to prepare. Squarenote gathered all the research, organized it, and even printed out my lecture notes. A basic, essential tool for anyone doing research..."
ECS, Ilion, NY.

We are making a special offer to readers of the American Spectator who have been among our most loyal users and buyers for years. Call us now at 617 277 9222, or write us at the address below. **Send No Money.** Just mention this ad, and we'll send you a copy of **Squarenote** to try, at our risk, for 30 days.

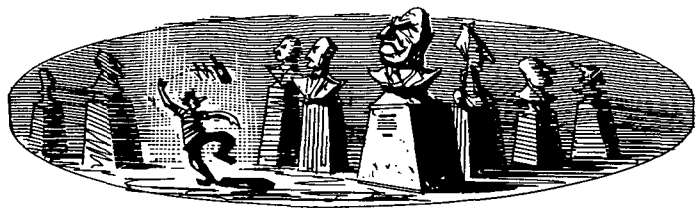
Try it. Clean up your desk and briefcase! Preserve those precious ideas! If after 30 days of use you want to keep it, send us just $99, (a savings of $100 from our list price of $199). Or return it and you owe us nothing. ***Call now!***

PC Magazine's Editor's Choice Award

UnionSquareware
27 St. Mary's Court, Brookline, MA 02146
Telephone 617-277-9222

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOVIET PRESSWATCH



EXCITING TIMES

by Cathy Young

When growing up in the Soviet Union, I hardly ever read the papers. With their front-page photos of beaming workers and headlines like "Building a Better World" in the domestic section and "Another Foul Anti-Soviet Provocation" on the international page, Soviet newspapers were about as exciting as Soviet elections. The extent to which both have changed can be gauged by this item plucked from *Izvestia* (March 23, 1990): in Gorky, the night before the election, a candidate for the city council caught his opponent posting leaflets that can be mildly characterized as negative campaigning. The two came to blows, emerging from the "brief but heated" scuffle with bleeding noses, bruised lips, and so on. No charges were filed, but the city electoral commission is looking into the matter. Ann Richards, eat your heart out!

The new openness was subjected to a new test by the Baltic crisis, and the Soviet press has responded with more sophistication than honesty. At first, *Izvestia* ran terse TASS dispatches, and printed an appeal to the Lithuanian people from the pro-Moscow section of the republic's Communist party—a hard-line document that spoke of the need to reject firmly all attempts at capitalist restoration (this, in a newspaper that now regularly advocates private property). In later days, it features editorials and commentary from the Western press which, while not uncritical of Gorbachev, also chided the Lithuanian legislators for their stubborn and unrealistic pursuit of instant independence. The obvious purpose of these reprints was to legitimize the Soviet position, and to show that Western support for the Lithuanian cause was lukewarm at best. The radical *Moscow News* was the only official Soviet newspaper to provide a platform to advocates of self-determination. In its editorial, it strove to be "even-handedly anti-independence." Columnist Yuri Bandura tried to distribute the blame equally to both sides and accused Sajudis, Lithuania's national liberation front, of intolerance toward rival points of view, just like, well, the CPSU.

On April 9, the morning TV program "120 Minutes" carried an intriguing report about a Lithuanian village across the border from Russia, where many of the Lithuanians have jobs. What is going to happen to these people, the reporter inquired solicitously, should Lithuania separate from the USSR? What about those who are entitled to pensions in the Russian republic? What about human relations? Call it Soviet propaganda with a human face.

Great Lenin's Ghost!

The 120th anniversary of Lenin's birth came and very much went in April. In the March 4, 1990, *Rabochaya Tribuna* ("Workers' Tribune"), a new publication of the Central Committee of the Communist party, one Natalia Morozova lamented that "quite openly now, a campaign to destroy Lenin is being carried out through lies, slander, and falsification." And, scandalously, institutions like the Central Committee and its Institute of Marxism-Leninism are looking the other way! Meanwhile, "any lie about Lenin is eagerly snapped up by the bamboozled public."

Miss Morozova is a new breed of Leninist: she admits to having read ("by happenstance") a Paris edition of Solzhenitsyn's *The Gulag Archipelago*, and says she admired the writer's colossal work in exposing Stalinism but was much saddened by his misquoting of Lenin. Yet, she complains, *The Gulag* was recently published in *Novy Mir* magazine with no scholarly introduction to set the record straight—and the moment it appeared, "all of rally-going Moscow started to castigate Lenin in Solzhenitsyn's words."

Mainstream Soviet publications are not far behind. Two recent articles in the pathbreaking weekly *Ogonyok* are especially remarkable. A March piece on the forced dissolution of Russia's Constituent Assembly in 1918 speaks frankly of Lenin's contempt for democracy; after ordering the Kadet party banned and their deputies arrested, he described the move as "our response to the peasants who didn't know who they were voting for." In a profile of the Menshevik leader Yuli Martov, the magazine reports that when the nonpartisan All-Russian Committee to Help the Hungry was shut down by the Bolsheviks in 1921, "the most humane of men" (as Lenin was titled by Soviet hagiographers) issued this order: "They are to be mercilessly ridiculed and abused at least once a week over the next two months."

Further misquotation, perhaps, of Miss Morozova's idol? "Any slander against Lenin, with whom I am so much in love, wounds me to the heart," she cries. " . . . Can it be that the people in the Central Committee are able to silently bear the slanders against him? I can't bring myself to believe that." As Lenin would undoubtedly concur, you just can't make an omelette without breaking a few hearts.

An American in Moscow

On April 22, Lenin's birthday, comrade Morozova repeated her laments at a Moscow rally "in defense of Lenin" attended, *Pravda* said, by a few thousand people. Among her fellow speakers was Arnold Lockshin, the Arizona scientist who "defected" to the Soviet Union with his wife and three children in 1986, to escape FBI persecution for his Communist beliefs and to find a better life in a just society. An interview with Lockshin appears in the daily *Komsomolskaya Pravda* (January 28, 1990) in response to readers' queries. (Sample: "I've heard that the Lockshin family, unable to bear our 'wonderful' life, has returned to America. Is it true?")

Lockshin reveals that his family uses rationing coupons for sugar just like other Soviets, that his children are doing well in school but wife Lauren hasn't found a job, and that they subscribe to several Soviet periodicals but have little time to read. What he does read leaves him none too happy: "I find it disturbing that in the Soviet press these days, the word 'imperialism' is gradually disappearing and too much of a gloss is put on the Western way of life." Let's hope he still subscribes to the *Nation*.

We learn more about the Lockshins' peeves from this written statement handed to the reporter:

> We are grateful to the Soviet people for an opportunity to start a new life and for understanding of the motives that brought us here.
>
> We are alarmed by the growing influence of bourgeois and petty bourgeois elements in this country, including profiteers, bureaucrats and those who keep silent about imperialist dominance and the super-exploitation of hundreds of millions in other countries. . . .
>
> Eastern Europe is opening its doors to large-scale capital investments by the imperialist powers . . . Of course one must welcome key steps toward the establishment of peaceful international relations. But imperialism is not interested in democracy or human rights. Imperialism is interested in profits and power—the more the better—and in removing its rivals, above all the entire socialist system . . . The Soviet people do not need a Lech Walesa of their own who would offer cheap Soviet manpower to foreign exploiters.

Comments the *Komsomolskaya Pravda* editor: "There still remain people who sincerely believe in the tottering ideas."

Sex, Esperanto, and Rock 'n' Roll

What does the artificial language Esperanto have in common with the sexual revolution? In the nationalist/Communist stalwart *Molodaya Gvardiya* ("The Young Guard"), writer Yevgeny Ovanesyan intimates that both are part of a Jewish plot to corrupt Mother Russia ("The 'Sexual Revolution' in the Years of Perestroika," February 1990). Esperanto, Mr. Ovanesyan tells the frightened reader, is a brainchild of "the Warsaw doctor and polyglot Ludwik Zamenhoff, whose name was given to one of the main streets of Tel Aviv." (Actually, it's *Diesengoff* Boulevard, but why nitpick?)

Thanks to the spiritual power of the Russian tongue, says the writer, the country has resisted the Esperanto invasion. Alas, Russian morals have been less sturdy in other areas, succumbing

---

Cathy Young is the author of Growing Up in Moscow *(Ticknor & Fields).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

first to rock music and lately to beauty contests, nudity on stage and in film, and sexology. Even the magazine *Sovetsky Voin* ("Soviet Warrior") has tainted its "hitherto ascetic" pages with color photos of scantily clad beauty contestants. ("Our soldier should know what it is he's defending," explained one of the contest judges, an astronaut.) "The bulldozer of rock 'n' roll," laments Mr. Ovanesyan, "is being replaced by the phallic battering ram of eroticism." We learn here that Soviet sexologists are out to undermine the Russian male's confidence in his virility by insidiously suggesting that some women fake orgasms. We also learn that these sexologists had "intrepid" predecessors in the 1920s. To give credit where credit's due, says the subtle Mr. Ovanesyan, the least we can do is list these trailblazers' books: *Sex Education* by A. B. Zalkind, *The Sexual Life of Modern Youth* by P. Gelman, *How to Prevent Pregnancy* by A. L. Rabinowitz. Wait until he gets a load of Dr. Ruth.

Meanwhile, in *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, writer and high school teacher N. Loginova writes that in a recent survey, 92 percent of Soviet high schoolers said that they believed promiscuity was "normal." In another survey, one-third of female ninth-graders said they would like to be "hard-currency prostitutes" servicing a Western clientele. Miss Loginova adds that her own informal survey shows an even greater interest in such a career. Would-be tourists, take note.

Censorship Demystified

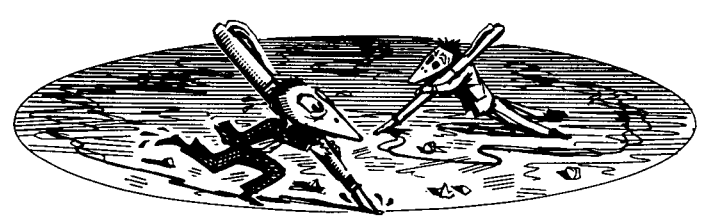
Censorship in the USSR may no longer exist in love matters, but in war, it's alive and well. In the March 5 issue of the weekly *Atmoda* ("Awakening"), uncensored because it is published in Latvia with a Russian-language edition freely sold elsewhere in the USSR, Sergei Yakovlev, an editor of the monthly *Rodina* ("Motherland"), tells his tale of woe. Two Soviet scholars submitted an article on ways to solve the Soviet economic crisis, in which they calculated the size of Soviet military spending at 20 percent of GNP, and mentioned that some Western estimates ran as high as 35 percent. The article was already typeset when, right after the first session for the Congress of People's Deputies in May 1989, the trouble began. At the chief censorship office, the 20 percent figure was changed to nine percent and the 35 percent to 15.

Yakovlev went to see the censor, who explained, "At the Congress session, Gorbachev said the military budget was 77.3 billion rubles, or nine percent of the GNP. We cannot allow anything else." And where, pray, did the 15 percent come from? "Look at yesterday's *Pravda*," said the censor. "It says certain circles in the West have gone so far as to slanderously claim that our military expenditures reach 15 percent of our GNP." She finally referred Yakovlev to one of the higher-ups, who countered all arguments about the calculations of Soviet scholars with the line: "Are you saying that Mikhail Sergeyevich lied? . ."

Yakovlev and one of the authors had to scrap the figures altogether and do their best to salvage the piece, which ran in the July 1989 issue of *Rodina*. (Yakovlev points out that a discerning reader could still easily arrive at the forbidden numbers: the authors advocate cutting the military budget in half, and later add that the proposed cuts would save the country at least 60 billion rubles a year.)

In the old times, Yakovlev adds in an aside, censors were mysterious and inaccessible: only one special person communicated with them on the phone behind a locked door. Today, "any editor can go and talk to them, just like that." Censorship, like sex, just isn't the same when you strip it of all mystery. □

AMONG THE INTELLECTUALS



PENTA HOSTILITIES: DECONSTRUCTING THE NAS

by Joe K.

What follows is a report on the June 1990 convention of the National Association of Scholars, written by Joe K., an undergraduate at Earle University's Non-Center for the Anti-Humanities. Originally commissioned by Pickaxe, *a journal of radical feminist deconstructionism, the report was rejected on the grounds of political incorrectness. It was subsequently leaked to* The American Spectator *by Martha Bayles, who sat next to Mr. K. during the conference's banquet luncheon.*

Here I am on the eighteenth floor of the Penta Hotel, only a few blocks from Times Square. I'm beginning to see why *Pickaxe* asked me to cover this convention. As a white male, I certainly blend in with the crowd. These people obviously take me for another dark-suited, pale-faced soldier in the battle to save so-called Western civilization. Little do they realize that their precious organization has been infiltrated by an outsider, someone who has studied with such cutting-edge, discipline-busting academics as Jock Laddida and Paula de Woman.

That's right. Thanks to the lavish resources of Earle University, I am familiar with both sides of today's hottest literary/philosophical/theoretical debate. With Professor Laddida, I've experienced the ecstasy of interpreting every text as if it were the world, and the world as if it were a text. The whole process is dizzying—especially since, as Professor Laddida explains in his influential essay, "Like the Sound of the Flush Deep Within a Commode," modern thought has proved that there is no such thing as truth. When I listen to Professor Laddida's risk-taking, unpredictable lectures, I long to model myself after him: a butterfly fluttering, in virtuoso linguistic display, over the void. Plus he has a humongous grant.

Yet I should add that my education would not be complete without Professor de Woman, with whom I have experienced (albeit vicariously) the agony of being female in a linguistic/cognitive system that is abusively phallocentric. Professor de Woman may not be as sharp a dresser as Professor Laddida—in fact, the students make jokes about her long grey hair. But appearances don't matter when you read Professor de Woman's classic *Close Your Eyes and See*, or attend her lectures. I'll never forget the day she demystified *Othello* by comparing it with the hardcore video, "Black Bucks,

White Sluts," tracing the pattern of gender/race signifiers in each work. After listening to such a brilliant example of subversive deconstruction, it was hardly necessary to read the play.

Admittedly, all this exposure to high-powered theory has left me in a dilemma. On the one hand, Professor Laddida says that even the most radical project of deconstruction commits the logocentric error of assuming that some words, at least, possess meaning. So he recommends the "erasive action" of crossing the words out while leaving them legible. That way, he winks, you can unsettle the heritage without undermining your institutional base. Not surprisingly, Professor de Woman dislikes Laddidadian irony. As a victim of patriarchal oppression, she must fight for a radical restructuring of the way human beings have thought and written for two millennia. The only alternative is passive conformity to structures of domination established by Dead White European Males.

To return to the conference, I note that the title of the first panel is "Academic Utopianism." Most panels at the Non-Center begin with impressive displays of problematizing the title and casting ontological doubt on the very possibility of discussion. Thus I am amazed to see Gertrude Himmelfarb, Midge Decter, John Grey, Paul Craig Roberts, and Peter Shaw begin by simply defining their terms. Then they proceed in a manner that signals their unmistakable attachment to the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

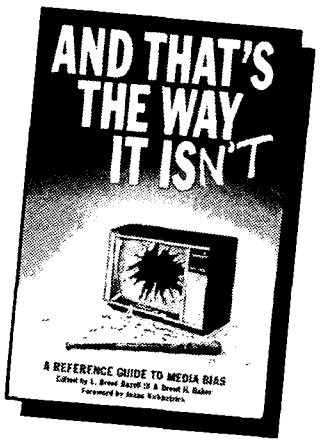
"Settles once and for all the question of media bias in America." -- Mona Charen, former speechwriter for President Reagan.

From the publishers of ***MediaWatch***, a new book. ***And That's the Way It Is(n't)*** provides 350 pages of summaries, excerpts and reprints of more than 45 studies that demonstrate the media's liberal bias. Finally, a one-stop resource containing all the facts and figures, examples and quotes you'll need to prove the media's bias to your friends and colleagues.

"This book ought to be assigned reading in every journalism school in America. Every conservative should buy one and mail it to an anchorman." -- Elliott Abrams, former Assistant Secretary of State.

"...a thorough, thoughtful and altogether judicious study. Its dispassionate and well-documented review of bias and tendentiousness in mainstream journalism ought to be examined -- and can't be ignored." -- Eric Breindel, *New York Post* editorial page editor.

"Fresh intelligence on one of the most boring industries in America from some of the liveliest media critics in the Republic. Highly recommended." -- R. Emmett Tyrrell.



$14.95, including shipping and handling. To order by Visa or MasterCard, call 1-800-346-BIAS (346-2427)

Or send check (Va residents add 67 cents sales tax) to:
Media Research Center Book
111 S. Columbus St.
Alexandria, Va. 22314

elitist mystifications of referentiality, civility, objectivity, logical argument, tolerance, and truth. I sit here thinking how seductive this illusion of reasoned clarity must be to the theoretically uninitiated. By itself, it provides sufficient grounds for smashing the NAS.

The only bright spot occurs when two of the panelists, Decter and Shaw, enliven their presentations with sarcastic caricatures of people like me and my professors. For example, Decter scathingly depicts the typical college student as making a pilgrimage to Nicaragua to enjoy "the embraces of a Sandinista peasant," then rushing back to Aspen for the ski season. When she responds to a perfectly straightforward question about the role of right-wing politics in the NAS by calling the questioner a "wise guy," the illusion of reasoned clarity is effectively broken. What a relief.

Now it's Friday evening, and the group assembles for a reception. Standing here, wine spritzer in hand, scanning the excited faces of the crowd, I suddenly feel my consciousness ratcheting to an even higher notch. Imprisoned in the self-referential linguistic/cognitive system of Western civilization, these people believe that their excitement stems from a principled attachment to the mystifications listed above. But to someone who knows how to interpret the world as text, their excitement stems from a different source. Here they are, a couple of hundred white males (and a few tame females), eighteen stories above the XXX-rated movies, live sex shows, and hookers of Times Square. Forget the high-flown rhetoric; what matters here is the powerfully incarnated intertextuality that links the traditional structures of dominance reinforced at this conference with the ongoing exploitation of women and minorities, for which the sex industry is only the most self-problematizing text. As my mother's copies of *Ms.* magazine used to say, "Click!"

I try not to imagine how some of these excited academics will spend the rest of the evening. Personally, I head over to East Fifty-Ninth Street to see *The Cook, The Thief, His Wife & Her Lover*, a profound meditation on the female body as a signifier of counter-hegemony in a system of bourgeois rapacity and greed. Not surprisingly, the effects of the film linger into the next morning, and I show up at the conference full of disgust at my own white male impulses. At times like this, it's difficult to reclaim that vicarious agony, that willed empathy with the experience of being female in the belly of the patriarchal beast.

This internal struggle leaves me ill-prepared for the speech delivered by Lynne V. Cheney, the "chairman" of the National Endowment for the Humanities. Because this white female eschews the politically correct term, "chairperson," I deduce that her sole claim to power is passive submission to Dick Cheney, the current master of the American war machine. Yet unexpectedly, Cheney begins with a sensitive account of a previously marginalized art form, the Cochita pottery of New Mexico. Then she alludes to the TV soap, "Days of Our Lives"—and for a brief moment, I feel transported back to Earle. But then the rude awakening comes, as she reels off the names of Jesus, Socrates, Franklin, Jefferson, Bacon, Newton, Locke, Washington, Mason, Henry, Madison, Marshall, Plutarch, Whitehead, Robespierre, Euclid, Saccheri, Gauss, Kant, Lobachevsky, Ptolemy, Copernicus, Weber, Durkheim, Freud, Tocqueville, Shakespeare, Dante, Milton, Eliot (T.S. and George), Plato, Austen, Churchill, Stalin, Marx, King, Beethoven, and Coles. Granted, Cheney includes two women, two (three?) Communists and one black. But even when she adds the Cochita potters, Public Enemy, and the female authors of Harlequin Romances, her list still reflects a gross imbalance between the culturally authorized and the culturally marginalized.

The rest of the morning is taken up with a panel on which Adam Scrupski, Chester E. Finn, Rita Kramer, Gilbert Sewall, and John Reist, Jr. (sitting in for Peter Greer) detail what they see as a decline of standards in primary and secondary education. This is followed by a banquet luncheon hosted by NAS president Stephen H. Balch, at which Stephen Thernstrom and James S. Coleman (recipient of the Sidney Hook Award) describe their experiences as white males under attack by progressive forces. Next there is a discussion of NAS strategies, featuring Herbert London, John Agresto, Peter Diamandopoulos, Joseph Horn, Donald Kagan, and John Reist, Jr. Finally the group breaks into "Disciplinary Subsections," which I do not attend, because, as a student at the Non-Center, I know that the concept of separate academic disciplines is inherently phallocentric. I am also exhausted, so I retire to rest up for the Sunday morning panel, a discussion of the professoriat with Barry Gross, Alan C. Kors, Thomas Short, and Carol Simpson Stern.

By the time this final session is over, I have had a snootful of the NAS. In an agitated mood, I leave the hotel and stride uptown on Broadway, hoping that the fresh air (it's a beautiful day) and the vivid signifiers of the sex industry will clear my head. My agitation surprises me, because on the most immediate level, the conference has forced a resolution of the aforementioned dilemma.

Needless to say, Professor Laddida would mock the illusion of reasoned clarity set forth by the NAS. The only escape from the linguistic/cognitive prison, he would assert, is constant acknowledgment of your own imprisonment. In other words, the only way to tell the truth is to lie. When a student objects to this paradox, Professor Laddida laughs, tosses his lecture notes into the air, and quips that logic is the disease, not the cure. As I said, I admire the man's flair for mixing the joyful play of signifiers with solid institutional prowess. But this trip into enemy territory has tipped the balance in favor of Professor de Woman's political commitment.

It hit me during lunch. Thanks to the film I had seen the night before, I was sensitized to the subtextual significance of a certain object plopped onto my plate by an elderly waitress. No one at the table could identify these objects—one man said they looked like pig's knuckles; the lady next to me suggested stewed baseball gloves. As I stared at that quivering, headless shape, with its truncated limbs and gaping body cavity offered up to the sharp cutlery of the white male elite, I suddenly realized that here was the truth. Forget Times Square; this image of dead, dehumanized, ready-to-be-consumed femaleness was the ultimate text of the NAS conference, and indeed of the whole mechanically repressive patriarchal capitalist society in which we live. Even when the waitress described the object as a "boneless game hen," I couldn't touch it.

Yet despite this epiphany, my agitation persists. The only explanation I can offer is that, as a white male, I have allowed myself to be tempted. Professor Laddida would say that my acceptance of the truth-claims of Professor de Woman's feminism implicitly opens the door to all other truth-claims, including those of racist, sexist, fascist organizations like the NAS. I am deeply troubled by this thought, because to tell the truth, I found the speakers at this conference amazingly good at sustaining that ever-so-seductive illusion of reasoned clarity. Much as my mind tries to focus on the really crucial texts, such as Times Square and the boneless game hen, it keeps straying back to the arguments and anecdotes of the past three days. This is frightening, because I have absorbed a lot of theory, more than the vast majority of students and professors in this country. If the NAS can have this effect on me, then what dangers might it pose to the academy as a whole? □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOK REVIEWS

ABORTION: THE CLASH OF ABSOLUTES

Laurence H. Tribe/W. W. Norton/270 pp. $19.95

Jeremy A. Rabkin

Laurence Tribe, Tyler Professor of Constitutional Law at Harvard Law School, used to shape public policy with appellate briefs for Supreme Court justices and with articles and treatises for Supreme Court clerks. In 1986 he published *God Save This Honorable Court*, arguing for the Senate's right to reject presidential nominations to the Court on purely ideological grounds. That book, anticipating the fight over the Bork nomination, was pretty clearly aimed at wavering senators. Now Professor Tribe offers a defense of abortion rights which actually seems to be aimed at the general public. That is progress of a sort.

It is also good news for those who disagree with Professor Tribe's political agenda. For Tribe's advocacy skills are indeed much better suited to the courtroom or the cloakroom than to the forum of public opinion. Tribe, a former mathematics student, is not a particularly gifted or evocative writer; his specialty is the relentless pursuit of the "logical" conclusion, reached by posing "the issue" with extreme, formulaic alternatives. Law professors seem to find such abstract arguments extremely compelling, but normal people usually do not. And despite some popular "stuffing" in this book—detours into the history of abortion practices around the world, overviews of the contemporary political battles over abortion in America—Tribe devotes most of his energy here to just this sort of "logical" argument. He tries to show sympathy for, or at least understanding of, the "right to life" opponents of abortion, but this book is essentially a relentless argument for an extreme pro-choice view.

Perhaps the chief value of this book is its unintended demonstration of how intractable the abortion debate has become. For all his professed desire to move the debate beyond the "clash of absolutes," Tribe is quite unwilling to give an inch of ground to the pro-life position. Aware that the pro-choice position no longer has an automatic majority on the Supreme Court, Tribe does consider a range of possible legislative compromises. He considers them—and finds every one of them unacceptable and indefensible. The imposition of even a two-day waiting period before allowing abortions strikes him as posing an unacceptable "obstacle." He is equally opposed to parental consent requirements for minors seeking abortion and to prenotification requirements for husbands or fathers, both of which strike him as "cruel." He is opposed to all restrictions on public funding of abortion. He is opposed to restricting abortion to the early stage of pregnancy. He is opposed to prohibiting abortion for birth control; he is opposed to any limitation on the permissible rationales for abortion, since such restrictions wrongly imply that some women may be having abortions for "frivolous" reasons.

Tribe's own proposal for a "compromise" is to separate the "liberty" of the woman to be free of her pregnancy from the "right to life" of the fetus—and then to look forward to the day when advanced technology can allow us to satisfy both "absolutes" simultaneously. If an artificial womb or some such technology would allow the fetus to be brought to term, without requiring the mother to continue with her pregnancy, would this not, he reasons, satisfy both sides—or at least the strongest arguments on both sides? Tribe acknowledges that such technology "raises justified fears about a Brave New World of state-run baby farms, including the specter of state control over the disposition of fetuses that are not wanted by their biological parents . . . " He even expresses sympathy with the claim that women ought to have control, not only over their own bodies, but also over their own genetic material—at least when the material in question is contained in a very young or very small fetus. But, for all his misgivings, Tribe cannot resist pressing this bizarre technological "compromise," apparently because he finds it such a powerful challenge to the "real motives" of pro-lifers: "If the extensive exploration of technologies to improve fetal survivability [despite removal from the mother's womb] seems unappealing, might one reason be an underlying attitude that, by comparison with any technological alternative, women represent cheap 'baby machines'?"

As this sort of argument suggests, Tribe's efforts to accommodate the right-to-life position tend to reduce that position either to nasty caricature or to meaningless abstraction. He concedes that preserving the life of the fetus might be a legitimate concern, but he deals with that concern in a moral or social vacuum. In a book filled with accounts of court decisions since *Roe*, there is no discussion of the Supreme Court rulings that have made it almost impossible to prevent even third-trimester abortions. There is no mention of the Supreme Court's refusal to intervene—following the refusal of lower courts to intervene—in the Indiana "Baby Doe" case in 1981, where parents (and their doctor) decided to "treat" an already born baby, found to have Down's syndrome, by denying it all liquid, and thus condemned the baby to a horrible death by dehydration. There is no discussion of the Court's subsequent rejection of federal regulations to protect handicapped infants from such fatal mistreatment. In a book that devotes so much space to setting the abortion debate in wider historical context, there is no mention of the growing trend in medical and ethical literature to distinguish worthy from "unworthy" lives in decisions regarding euthanasia. Tribe concedes that right-to-lifers are entitled to base their views on theological or metaphysical dogmas, but he treats their position as if it had no other serious basis than a totally abstract dogma about the beginning of "life."

Part of the reason for this one-sided presentation may be that Tribe is a compulsive advocate, who can't stop himself from heightening his own preferred side and muddying or obscuring the most serious arguments on the other side, even when he is trying to assume a fair-minded come-let-us-reason-together posture. But the larger problem is rooted in the very premise of Tribe's approach. He is constantly trying to resolve the right-to-life argument into its supposed logical premises in order to demonstrate that many of its adherents, since they do not stick to this logic with unswerving consistency, must be operating from other, more sinister motives. One of his favorite arguments, repeated several times, is that those who would allow an abortion in cases of rape must be motivated by a secret desire to punish women for sex rather than any sincere concern to preserve life, since the offspring of a rape is still a "life." Tribe's own premise is that anything less than "life" could

Jeremy A. Rabkin is professor of government at Cornell University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not possibly be used to limit the right to abortion since the imposition of pregnancy is otherwise so awful.

Tribe is incapable of grasping that people may oppose abortion not because they cherish some morbid notion of pregnancy as a necessary punishment, but because they cherish pregnancy as a blessing. Thus Tribe characteristically fails to consider one of the most obvious reasons why most people still shrink from prohibiting abortion in cases of rape—namely, that they want to strengthen the ideal of maternal love and cannot believe that any rape victim could love the product of her rape. Tribe's blindness to such reasoning seems to reflect a liberal dogmatism that rejects out of hand all societal efforts to reinforce moral norms through legal compulsion. But perhaps it is more correct to say that he reasons from feminist dogmatism. For Tribe is quite comfortable with the imposition of tolerance by an array of anti-discrimination laws and in some of his recent writings has expressed sympathy with feminist demands for the suppression of pornography. Tribe's constitutional law treatise also accepts the propriety of military conscription in wartime—though the draft burdens the liberty of conscripts for much more than nine months and leads to fatal injuries much more often than does pregnancy. Tribe's underlying objection is not to constraints on liberty or self-expression, per se, but to the imposition of moral norms that tie women—and men—to traditional ideals of family life. Thus his treatise argues against the constitutional propriety of anti-sodomy laws, laws against non-monogamous marriage, laws restricting hippie-style communes, and other measures penalizing unconventional "family" arrangements.

From a traditional moral perspective, the unleashing of sexual passions outside the family—outside even the hope or the pretense of a future family—is cheapening or degrading to the proper dignity of human life. From this perspective, the embrace of abortion-on-demand, which relegates an unborn baby to the moral status of a tumor, seems the ultimate confirmation of this degradation. In Tribe's moral perspective, the freedom to indulge passions is so much taken for granted, that even the prospect of "Brave New World baby farms" seems less degrading to human dignity than an unwanted pregnancy. Tribe is unlikely to persuade anyone not already committed to the moral inversions of radical feminism, but his idea of a good argument tells much about the distance between pro-choice advocates and the rest of the country. □

FRIENDS OR STRANGERS: THE IMPACT OF IMMIGRANTS ON THE U.S. ECONOMY

George J. Borjas/Basic Books/288 pp. $22.95

William McGurn

Tucked away on the second floor of the National Press Building in Washington is PJ's, a sandwich shop with standard fare, average prices, and spartan decor. Yet there is invariably a big crowd here, because PJ's offers the best service in the building. Customers will even wait in line, because they know that no matter how long it is they will be out of the store in under five minutes, and the reason for that is Kwan Jong-hwa.

Mr. Kwan came here from Korea in 1981, and has been at his post in the press building for about three years now from 6:30 a.m. to 6:30 p.m. five days a week. The upshot is that Mr. Kwan has a loyal clientele of people who appreciate a merchant oriented toward service, something that stands out all the more when set against the indifference and sloth encountered at so many of the other, American-run food stores on the same floor.

This sort of thing doesn't show up in the statistics, which helps explain why it is absent from George J. Borjas's *Friends or Strangers: The Impact of Immigrants on the U.S. Economy.* A professor of economics at the University of California, Santa Barbara, and a research associate at the National Bureau of Economic Research, Borjas is hailed on the dust jacket as "this country's leading authority on immigration," and the book itself as "the first authoritative account of the role immigrants play in the economy." The first is forgivable hype, but the second is flatly untrue: Julian Simon's *The Economic Consequences of Immigration* beat Borjas to the punch last year. Not a good start.

William McGurn is the Washington bureau chief of National Review.

Borjas's schtick is this: the quality (i.e., skills) of America's most recent immigrants has been declining. True enough, the level of schooling among immigrants has dropped, and it is from this that the author infers a drop in skills given that, in general, average earnings increase for every year of schooling. But Borjas pushes this to questionable limits by putting an exact price on it. "The existing evidence . . . indicates that the entry of relatively unskilled workers in the late 1970s (as compared to the early 1960s) led to a direct reduction of at least $6 billion in national income and to an indeterminate change in the real income of natives." This $6 billion figure is one Borjas returns to often when he speaks of the costs of U.S. immigration policy.

The problem is that nowhere does the author tell us exactly how he calculated this $6 billion annual loss, although it appears that he came up with an equation based on education levels and differentials in earnings. This is iffy on the face of it, given that it assumes that proportions hold constant over lifetimes. As an exercise it might be a handy tool, but Borjas presents it as an irrefutable fact that ends the story.

An even more serious weakness is his ambiguous use of the word "cost." When most people think of a cost, they think of an actual cost, i.e., some net deduction from their actual earnings. But the cost Borjas is talking about when he cites the $6 billion in lost earnings is an *opportunity* cost, the additional wealth that might have been generated by a more talented cohort of immigrants. More important, it does not say what it first looks like he's saying, that recent immigrants have been a net drain on the U.S. economy. No doubt this confusion accounts for the plug on the back cover from the country's leading foe of immigration, Senator Alan Simpson (R-Wy.). That Borjas does not include a comparative figure on the costs the U.S. would have incurred had it admitted immigrants other than those it did admit bolsters the misimpression left with the reader. Had the Senator realized that what Borjas is talking about is relative benefits rather than actual costs, he might not have been so generous with his praise.

In fact, Borjas's wording is so deliberately awkward that it raises suspicions about his own intentions. Early on he stoutly notes that "the presumption that immigrants have an adverse impact on the labor market continues to be the main justification for policies designed to restrict the size and composition of immigrant flows into the United States." But he fuzzes his answer. When you cut through the mumbo-jumbo you find Borjas arguing that there is not "a single shred of evidence that immigrants have a sizable adverse impact on the earnings and employment opportunities of natives in the U.S." Yet elsewhere in the book he concludes that "the weight of the empirical evidence thus suggests that the new immigrants impose costs on the American economy." Will the real Dr. Borjas please step forward?

Most of the awkwardness in the book arises from Borjas's obsession with statistics. Without doubt statistics are critical, but they are not the whole story and, as Disraeli made clear, frequently cloud the real story. The problem with statistics is that they fix relationships into something static and predictable, and thus impossible to square with the dynamic of a market economy. And they can lead those who don't look up from their equations into some blinding idiocies.

Take the author's analysis of emigration from Communist countries. He

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

begins by pointing out, correctly, that in the wake of Communist revolutions there is usually an immediate outflow of talent, for the obvious reason that these are the same people who tend to be lined up against the wall when Communists take over. But again he extrapolates too far. Unskilled workers, he asserts, stay put in Communist countries, the reason being that they "have the least incentive to migrate because they gain most from the revolution." It does not occur to our calculator that where people on the bottom don't leave Communist countries it's because they can't get out; where they can—Afghanistan, Vietnam, Cuba—they leave in droves, which is why we had something called the Berlin Wall. Even Mikhail Gorbachev and Deng Xiaoping no longer pretend that those on the bottom of their respective societies have benefited from the imposition of Communism.

So much for the bad. The good news is that when you finally get down to studying Borjas's findings carefully, he's pretty much on target. Perhaps the best thing he brings to this work is the appreciation that immigration is a market; indeed, the thrust of the work is how to improve our advantages in that market rather than how to cut off the flow. Since 1965 our system has been stacked in favor of family reunification, the flip side being that it is next to impossible for someone who is simply talented or a hard worker to get in, no matter how ambitious or qualified. Here is where Borjas's opportunity costs, properly understood, are crucial to any understanding of how much better off we could be:

> The inflexibility of current policy, and the missed opportunities implied by this inflexibility, is costly. For example, a large number of Hong Kong residents, apprehensive of the changes that are bound to occur when Hong Kong becomes part of the People's Republic of China in 1997, recently entered the immigration market. Australia and Canada quickly began to sell visas to those residents who have substantial financial resources and who are willing to invest part of these resources in the host countries. The inflexible immigration policy of the United States, combined with the very long queues for the scarce skills-based visas, implies that these motivated and prosperous persons have little chance of being admitted here.

With the Immigration and Naturalization Service devoting more than 80 percent of its visa allotments to family reunification, the message Uncle Sam sends is that if you don't have that sister in Pittsburgh, don't bother applying.

Unfortunately, Borjas's remedies are not nearly as compelling as his diagnosis. Countries such as Australia and Canada—the two other preferred destinations for the world's would-be immigrants—have tried to get at the problem through a point system based on an applicant's age, education, English proficiency, and so on. Borjas notes these countries haven't done much better than we have, because systems based on "observable demographic characteristics" are "imperfect predictors of skills and prosperity." Yet he defends their efforts as better than nothing, implying that the ultimate solution would be a point system refined by more economic studies.

But no amount of refinement can give us a point system worth adopting, for the simple reason that the government would still be making decisions best left to the market. Far better to let business set what skills they need by letting them choose who enters, even using the lure of a U.S. passport to attract talent from around the globe; families could continue to sponsor people, but with user fees. Certainly the government might attach some important provisos to new immigrants—no welfare eligibility for a decade, say—but the main economic improvement would be that we would finally be getting the people American employers want to hire and have a world labor market to draw from. At a time when Washington is worried about America's competitive edge, it is astounding that we lag far behind other countries in this area.

"Immigration is inherently discriminatory," says Borjas toward the end of his book, and he marshals evidence to highlight the absurdities of U.S. policy over the past quarter-century. More than that, he helps explode most of the canards about immigrants, not least the scaremongering about both the size and impact of illegal immigration.

As Borjas suggests, the *fact* of illegal immigration contains a revealing message about immigration itself. "The existence and persistence of a black market for immigration implies that all parties participating in these exchanges benefit from these voluntary transactions," he says.

Had Borjas mined this vein a bit more arduously, there might have been enough here to justify the dust-jacket claims. As it is, alas, he buries himself in a mound of figures, raising his head for that occasional flash of insight. These insights in turn are diluted by the curious way Borjas presents them: here asserting that there's no evidence that immigrants have hurt the economy, there suggesting that they are dragging us down. That makes it easy for him to be quoted on both sides of the aisle—not because of any unbiased authority but because he's just obscure enough for people to read into it what they want. □

SAMURAI WIDOW
Judith Jacklin Belushi/Carroll & Graf/427 pp. $21.95

Joe Queenan

"This is not a book about John—although he is an integral part of it—but a book about healing, my healing." So begins *Samurai Widow*, the story of Judith Jacklin Belushi's eight-year struggle to come to terms with the death of her husband, John, arguably the greatest Albanian-American bumble-bee impersonator of all time. "John's death in 1982 is its catalyst," she continues, "and who he was explains some of the situations I found myself in at the time of his death."

This is not a review about John Belushi—although he is an integral part of it—or even a review of a book about John Belushi—although he is an integral part of that too. Rather, it is an account of healing, my healing. For eight long years, I, too, have struggled to understand why John was torn away from us so abruptly when it seemed that the full flower of his artistry was only beginning to blossom. With the Joe Cocker impersonations behind him, John had quietly begun to build up a memorable body of cinematic work, and had he not succumbed to a heroin overdose that horrible March night in 1982, he would now surely be working on *Continental Divide III*, *Neighbors VII*, *The Bluer Brothers*, or *1941: The Sequel*. Why did he have to die? (I mean, other than OD'ing on heroin, why?) Why is it always people named John—Kennedy, Lennon, the Baptist—who have to die young? Why don't people named Millicent or Thurgood or Chevy ever die young? Why? Why?

It is a question the Samurai Widow has thought about long and hard. Listen to Judy:

> Sue's words popped into my mind: Only the good die young. What the hell was that supposed to mean, anyway? I'd always thought that a dumb sentiment. Only the dumb die young. No, that wasn't fair either. It had nothing to do with being good or bad or smart or dumb. Only the . . . young . . . die young. That was it. Only the young.

One reason the young die young is that old people don't make a habit of going to West Hollywood hotels with women they hardly know and having the babes shoot them full of heroin. This was one of the hardest parts about my healing—because I felt betrayed when John crossed the line from being a big, lovable moron to being a big, dead junkie.

Judy felt betrayed, too. When she describes her reaction to his death, she makes it clear that it wasn't just the fact that he had died that upset her, but that he had succumbed to heroin—a drug he had promised her he would stop taking. So not only had he died, but he had broken his promise. That was *wrong*. Listen to Judy as she recounts a previous incident when she had berated John for shooting horse, and he had promised—promised—never to do it again.

"Honey, I don't want you to worry about it," he'd said. "I promise I will *never* do heroin again. Okay?"

Realizing that his words had not convinced her, John took Judy by the chin and said, "Hey, now, have I ever let you down on a promise? Have I?"

"No," Judy had to admit. As she explains in the book: "It was true. There wasn't a solemn promise John had ever made to me that he hadn't kept. There had been a lot of broken drug promises over the years, though, but I didn't consider most of them sincere. The serious ones had been 'to try' and he always did try. And there was progress from those times. Was this a solemn promise or a drug promise? I didn't know and cried into John's embrace . . ." This is your brain; this is your brain on drugs; this is Judy Belushi's brain . . . →

Joe Queenan is a frequent contributor to Barron's *and other publications.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Because John died of a heroin overdose, there were many cynics ready to jump to the conclusion that he was a junkie. The Los Angeles Police Department thought he was a junkie, and the *National Enquirer* thought he was a junkie, and "20/20" thought he was a junkie, because word got out that he had sixty holes in his arm, which was more than enough for them. But Judy maintains that John couldn't have had more than ten holes in his arm at the time of his death, which is pretty shabby stuff by junkie standards, and suspects that he, like Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin before him, may have been "killed by a government agency because their counterculture ideas and lifestyle were affecting too many people and were viewed as a threat." You know: "Power to the people," "Off the pigs," "Cheeseburger, cheeseburger." Listen to Judy:

John is dead.
Thoughts keep running through my head,
Was he killed by a Fed,
And left to die in his bed?
That's not what the papers said,
But I don't trust them a [----] anyway . . .

Judy was so incensed by the "20/20" report about all those needle marks that she wanted to sue for defamation of character. But in America it's almost impossible to win a libel suit when you're the wife of a dead, fat comedian with at least ten holes in his arm. So she figured it might be better to get Mike Royko to write the true story of John's life. When Royko begged off, she approached Bob Woodward, who stabbed her in the back by writing a book suggesting that John may have been a bit on the self-destructive side. Meanwhile, *Rolling Stone* was stabbing her in the back by suggesting the same thing. There was no one left to turn to but British comic Terry Thomas, who she saw one night on TV explaining why he hated the press: "Never expect more than a grunt from a pig."

Soo-ee.

When all is said and done, the question remains: What made John Belushi such an enduringly influential performer and top-quality human being? Listen to Judy:

John was an artist, in that he performed his work as if it were an art; he employed a system of principles and methods, based on instinct and learning, with a high quality of conception and execution. He had a brightness and a vividness which, like Van Gogh's sunflowers, remained clear in your mind: a vibrant symbol of life bursting with energy. I have always felt I learned more about a society from its artists than from its historians. If you want facts, go to the historians. If you want the essence, the spirit, of a people, look at their art.

Yes, and pay particular attention to *Animal House*. □

RICHARD ALDINGTON: A BIOGRAPHY

Charles Doyle/Southern Illinois University Press/400 pp. $39.95

R. J. Stove

In an age that worships specialization as abjectly as does ours—when the ability to write a sentence on each of two different topics is generally thought to be evidence of disgusting dilettantism—Richard Aldington (1892-1962) was begging for trouble just by drawing breath. Not only did he live by turns in England, France, Italy, the West Indies, and the United States; not only did he acquire between these residencies a first-hand knowledge of Spanish, Portuguese, and Austrian life that quite transcended any tourist's; but intellectually he was an even greater marvel of cosmopolitan sympathies than his changes of address imply. He seemed bent on defying even the most generous estimates of how many subjects anyone can master during a single lifetime.

If a mind may be said to have itchy feet, Aldington's did. At the pinnacle of his fame Aldington practiced a dozen different occupations: poet, war novelist, satirical novelist, essayist, memoirist, short story writer, biographer, translator of literary classics from almost every European language, editor, historian, Hollywood screenwriter . . . those familiar with his output cannot help feeling a tad, uh, inadequate. Given that Aldington was personally acquainted with nearly everyone between 1910 and 1960 who had penned anything more ambitious than a shopping list, why is he not in the accredited EngLit pantheon alongside Yeats, Pound, Eliot, and all? Neither Pound nor Eliot, both as unabashedly generalist as Aldington, doubted his fitness to move in their society. What went wrong for Aldington, so that nowadays even the culturally literate can go to their graves without once encountering any indication of his existence?

R. J. Stove writes for the Weekend Australian, Quadrant, *and other publications down under.*

In 1950, having already produced gratifyingly popular biographies of, among others, Voltaire and the Duke of Wellington, Aldington agreed to a suggestion from his Australian-born friend Alister Kershaw (himself a frighteningly accomplished poet, essayist, translator, memoirist, etc., etc.) that for his next project he might tackle T. E. Lawrence. In the beginning Aldington fully expected that his researches into Lawrence's life would confirm *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*'s essential accuracy and, by extension, Lawrence's heroic repute. Ultimately, the precise opposite happened.

As Aldington dug deeper into his source material he was forced to three unpalatable conclusions: First, that Lawrence had been lying with Falstaffian zeal about many of his military exploits in the Middle East; second, that even where Lawrence had not lied outright he had deliberately exaggerated such genuine soldiering feats as he performed; third, that Lawrence's previous biographers—"the T. E. Lawrence Bureau," Aldington called them—had knowingly concealed their idol's falsehoods in their own hagiographies. As with leftist descriptions of the Spanish Civil War, here was history being invented *ex nihilo*. Janet Cooke's Pulitzer-winning tall tales for the *Washington Post* were models of reportorial honesty beside the trash that Lawrence's adoring friends had asked the world to believe. Since these adoring friends remained alive and included one W. Churchill, the reception accorded Aldington's revelations when they appeared in book form may be easily predicted. Well before *Lawrence of Arabia: A Biographical Enquiry* saw the light, The Lawrence Bureau had frenziedly attempted to prevent the work's publication, hoping to disgrace Aldington for good; once the book was actually released (February 1955), hell had no fury like a Lawrence groupie scorned.

British reviewers alternated between generalized carpet-chewing rage and hysterical *ad hominem* attacks. Aldington was denounced as a traitor by the social caste which fawned on Guy Burgess, Donald MacLean, Kim Philby, and Anthony Blunt: one article, which should be singled out for its inspired avoidance of mere vulgar lexical precision, went so far as to dub Aldington "a bitter, bed-ridden, leering, asthmatic, elderly hangman of letters." Demands were voiced for a Royal Commission.

The problem was, no one could convincingly dispute the truth of Aldington's findings. He had done his research too well. Thirty-five years after the volume first appeared it remains a monument to scrupulous scholarship, its veracity unchallenged by its successors in the field. But this did nothing to ameliorate Aldington's last years, which, for those who dream of living by their pens alone, are a cautionary tale. His earlier books had fallen out of print; he depended to a grievous extent on loans from his ex-wife and few friends; worse, despair generally combined with physical illness to stop him writing at all. (How much happier the final chapter of Aldington's life would have been if he, like most eighteenth- and nineteenth-century authors, could have brought himself in youth to accept a sinecure in some parish or government office.)

Thus Aldington's effective career managed to end with a bang *and* a whimper. To the big public it had begun with Aldington's ferocious 1929 war novel *Death of a Hero*; appropriately it finished with Aldington administering the kiss of death to another, real-life, hero. There is, however, far more to Aldington's legacy than these two books, as Charles Doyle comprehensively shows. Doyle seems to have read every surviving print and handwritten document by or about his protagonist, though there is one odd omission in his otherwise excellent bibliography: Kershaw's delightful collection of autobiographical articles, *The Pleasure of Their Company* (University of Queensland Press, 1986). A more outwardly gripping full-length life of Aldington than Doyle's may one day appear; a more detailed and accurate one will manifestly not.

Doyle is especially informative on Aldington's artistic nonage among Pound and the Imagists, but it was Aldington's predictably hellish combat experience in World War I that transformed him from a low-pressured poet into an urgent prose chronicler of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

century. Nothing could be farther removed from Aldington at the finest than the type of tawny-port-sipping, cobweb-laden antiquary that the phrase "man of letters" connotes: as well call Dreiser a man of letters as Aldington. Indeed, one would not be far wrong in deeming Aldington a British-born Dreiser, despite Aldington's far greater mental cultivation and freedom from Dreiser's Russophile crackpottery. (Aldington had so little notion of his duties as a modernist intellectual that he freely described Marxism and British socialism as, respectively, "crap" and "the Hellfare State.")

If Aldington disappoints, it is when he lacks a cool head and a steady hand: where he allows his hatred of nature's Pecksniffs to dominate his soul, making him forget Orwell's observation that "bourgeois morality" is but a cacophemism for "common decency." Against this failing has to be set an encomium from C. P. Snow, which emphasizes Aldington's greatest merit: sheer ebullience. This must have been the quality which made him beloved, notwithstanding his anti-Communism, in the USSR. "No one," wrote Snow, "can read him for ten minutes without feeling a glow of power and vitality: a gusto both of the senses and of the mind." Nor was Aldington's "glow of vitality" something he reserved for his biggest creations: it is at least as visible in what he regarded as his hackwork, illuminating even a hastily executed late effort like *Frauds*, as well as the selection of Aldington's literary journalism which Kershaw edited in 1970. Southern Illinois University Press—publisher both of that selection and of Aldington's second-last biography, an introduction to the Provençal poet Mistral—has become the world's main center of (dread phrase) Aldington Studies; by issuing Doyle's book, it maintains its primacy in the field.

Strangers to Aldington's muse—i.e., most of the human race—are best advised, before approaching Doyle, to tackle the above-cited Kershaw recollections and Aldington's own *Life for Life's Sake*. (The latter, while spirited, is as reticent as T. E. Lawrence's autobiographies are self-aggrandizing: Aldington describes his fellow Imagist "H. D." with the impersonal enthusiasm of an excited critic, never mentioning that he was briefly married to her.) Once these rumbustious publications have aroused the reader's interest in Aldington—and only psychiatric textbooks could properly describe a reader for whom they did not—Doyle may be cordially recommended as a follow-up. Anyone already conversant with all or part of Aldington's output will need Doyle's biography on his shelves as a matter of course. □

ABROAD IN AMERICA: LITERARY DISCOVERIES OF THE NEW WORLD FROM THE PAST 500 YEARS

Edited by Robert Blow/Continuum/348 pp. $21.95

Francis X. Rocca

"The inevitable question," Jessica Mitford and her newlywed husband discover, is:

> "Do you like America?" This always stumped us a bit at first. "It would never occur to us to ask a foreigner if he liked England," Esmond pointed out, "because, if he did, so what? And if he didn't there would be nothing one could do about it."

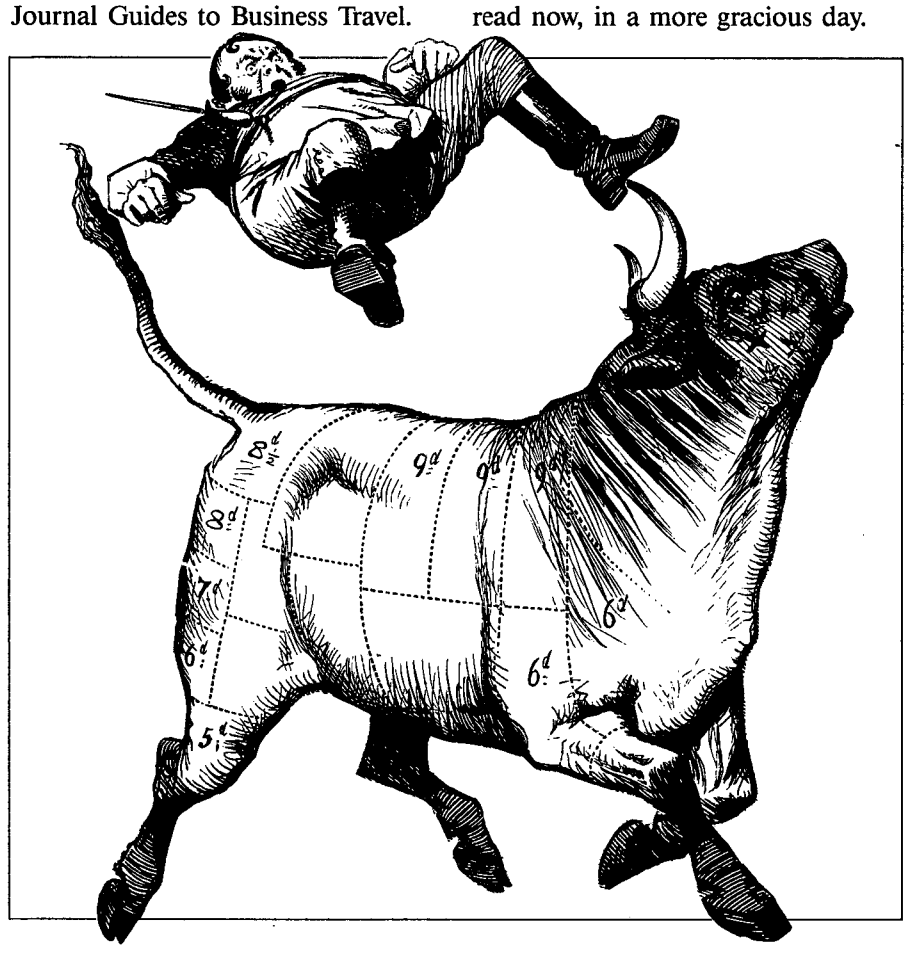
It is also the inevitable question for an American reading this pastiche of news reports, diaries, lecture notes, letters, autobiographies, and travelogues, in which 120 authors recount visits to the mainland United States from the sixth century A.D. (Saint Brendan) to 1988 (Martin Amis).

Editor Robert Blow has chosen with discrimination and whimsy; the indispensable impressions of Dickens and Tocqueville dovetail curiously with those of GI brides and a London taxi driver. They speak eloquently for themselves, which is why many of Blow's introductions are gratuitous; he can be pedantic and flippant at once, as when he informs us that "Jungian theory is a lot more fun than Freud's." What is missing is an index; also a bibliography, which is an especial shame in such a tantalizing sampler. Another conspicuous omission is the Soviet émigré Vassily Aksyonov, whose 1987 memoir *In Search of Melancholy Baby* is droll, irreverent, and admiring—a superb addition to the genre.

Nearly two-thirds of the authors Blow anthologizes are British. Since the snobbery of the Mother Country is legendary, and our desire for her approval is enduring, American readers ask "the inevitable question" of British writers with particular apprehension.

The classic Ugly Anglo is Frances Trollope, mother of Anthony. *Domestic Manners of the Americans*, her bestselling 1832 travelogue, might have been titled *Bad Manners of the Americans*. It is a catalogue of the uncouth: ubiquitous spitting, cursing, and deployment of the knife as the all-purpose dinner utensil. It does not overlook less gross offenses: overwrought diction, overdressed ladies, and a moribund high society. Easy to see how it infuriated her contemporaries on this side of the Atlantic, however amusing it is to read now, in a more gracious day.

Francis X. Rocca writes for Wall Street Journal Guides to Business Travel.



Americans in 1990 will also be amused by Bertrand Russell's recollections of the American intelligentsia in 1896, whom he portrays as humorless parochials. Russell can be nasty, and in larger doses repellent, but his three pages here are redeemed by mordant quips. For instance, about a wealthy in-law officiating at a national rite, Thanksgiving dinner:

> Just as we were about to eat the first mouthful, she said: "let us pause and think of the poor." Apparently she found this thought an appetizer.

It is easy to countenance this sort of sniping when it is aimed at privileged, and historically remote, targets.

In contrast comes Nicholas Coleridge, riding the train across latter-day Nevada and dumping on the "lowlife" aboard. He is worse than unfair, he is inaccurate: his citations of American English are marked by suspicious anglicisms. Americans (except those freshly returned from Junior Year Abroad) do not normally say "cocktail bar," or "coach" for "bus." How well could he have been listening?

(His anecdote is from a Phineas Fogg redux, 80-day global circumnavigation, in the course of which escapade Coleridge is perfectly glad to rent a car or "dial a minicab." Which, it seems, is to miss the point of the whole precious conceit. On the other hand, Amtrak is arguably a handicap that excuses exceptional measures.)

The laughs in this book come largely at our expense. Our compensation is a look at ourselves through foreigners' eyes, a view of the familiar as if it were the strange.

We overheat our rooms, Tchaikovsky and Dylan Thomas complain, though the agreeable Mitford finds the high temperature a delightful novelty. We "eat round the clock," warns food critic Derek Cooper, and our country is "a breeding ground for clinical obesity." We are forever trying to sell each other something, marvels Malcolm Muggeridge, and this is corroborated by a transplanted English wife horrified to find grade school kids peddling magazines.

These are aspects of America that we so take for granted, we often fail to see them. And then there are matters we ignore for more painful reasons.

Touchy Americans will brace themselves for Evelyn Waugh on Hollywood. But he is not writing an exposé; he reveals nothing more shocking than that glamorous movie stars actually lead lives of upper-middle-class dullness. Waugh writes charitably and very sadly, particularly of Forest Lawn Cemetery (later satirized in *The Loved*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One), which he interprets as a monument to the death-denying, infantile, irreligious piosity of the twentieth century. This is an international phenomenon, according to Waugh, but by implication one for whose propagation America bears special culpability, given the influence of the movies.

D. H. Lawrence perceives not so much decadence as spiritual vacancy in this country. Rife with invocations of "polarities" and "terrestrial magnetism," Lawrence's criticism nevertheless cannot be shrugged off. "The negative ideal of democracy," he writes, has no value but freedom—freedom as the flouting of Old World traditions of authority. The Pilgrims and their successors, he says, came here in order to be "masterless."

> Which is all very well, but it isn't freedom. Rather the reverse. A hopeless sort of constraint. It is never freedom until you find something you really *positively want to be*. . . . Men are free when they are obeying some deep, inward voice of religious belief. . . . Not when they are escaping to some wild west. The most unfree souls go west, and shout of freedom. Men are freest when they are most unconscious of freedom. The shout is a rattling of chains, always was.

Yet we know that many have come to America holding up something more than a "negative ideal." Oscar Wilde, for example, preaches a democratic Aestheticism for this country, which he envisions as a haven for craft artisanship, where the common man can live every day amid practical beauty. This is a secular trope on the preaching of Roger Williams who, like his seventeenth-century counterparts of sundry sectarian stripes, regards the Indian "gentiles of America" as nations well-suited to Christianization.

Less exalted, but no less historically significant (to say the least), has been the profit motive for coming to America, yet it is not fairly represented here. It is left to Arnold Schwarzenegger to praise the land of economic opportunity, and to Al Capone (in an interview with Claud Cockburn) to defend "the American system" ("call it Capitalism, call it what you like") from its attackers among the "goddamn radicals." In the early years of the Republic, William Cobbett gripes that "this country is good for getting money . . . in every other respect the country is miserable."

Trollope *fils*, touring during the Civil War, acknowledges that the U.S. is second to none in commercial affairs but that, since the "best men" are otherwise occupied, America's "political growth" is comparatively stunted. As evidence, he reports the submissive response to martial law: citizens gladly tolerating, even proudly embracing, the abrogation of *habeas corpus*—not to mention the suspension of the peculiar guarantees in the U.S. Bill of Rights.

Perhaps Americans nowadays are more jealous of our liberty than that. Yet we stand more recently, and quite justly, accused of complacency about the liberty of others. "The Americans don't give a damn about us," despairs Dmitri Shostakovich. Coerced by Stalin to attend a Peace Conference in New York and to lie on behalf of the Soviet regime, the composer is appalled at our credulity: "in order to live and sleep soundly, they'll believe anything." This is the most discomforting asseveration in the book.

These pages also contain occasions for patriotic pride. In part they tell the story of a uniquely American spiritual accomplishment, the sublimation of work—the realization of what pastors call "the dignity of labor."

A most ecstatic witness to this phenomenon is J. Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur, an eighteenth-century "farmer of feelings" who gathers "food for useful reflections" from the prosaic challenges of tillage and husbandry. He casts himself as sovereign over domestic beasts and god-like arbiter of the wild; in a spectacular description, he shoots a kingbird to set free the swarm of honey bees in its craw.

Crèvecoeur's compatriot, the Marquise de la Tour du Pin de Gouvermet, a refugee from the French Revolution, also takes to the land. She learns pride in dairy farming, charms and patronizes the Indians ("my friends the savages") and, after her little daughter dies from a rural epidemic, Madame finds God.

Malcolm Muggeridge observes that the "great distinction of Americans in menial employment" from their Old World equivalents is that the Americans do not resent their jobs. When a "lift man" tells Muggeridge that he likes his job, because it lets him meet a lot of people, the elevator operator is claiming a small share in the legacy of Crèvecoeur and Madame de la Tour du Pin.

This is gratifying, yet an even more touching and more telling encounter is described by the anarchist Emma Goldman. She tells of her decision to become a prostitute, in order to finance the assassination of industrialist Henry Clay Frick. An expectedly sordid tale turns farcical and ends with a humane twist: before she can solicit her first customer, the hapless neophyte gets picked up by an old capitalist who buys her a beer and gives her $10 to quit, as she is clearly not cut out for the racket. Neither "vulgarian" nor "idealist," Goldman marvels, this man is "an entirely new type." In fact, an American. □

FRANÇOIS TRUFFAUT:
CORRESPONDENCE 1945-1984
Edited by Gilles Jacob and Claude de Givray
The Noonday Press-Farrar, Straus & Giroux/590 pp. $50; $19.95 paper

James Bowman

In a tactful letter of advice to a screenwriter, written when he was only twenty-eight, François Truffaut wrote that "films resemble the people who make them." Those who know Truffaut as the director of *The 400 Blows* and subsequent chapters in the life history of Antoine Doinel, of *Jules and Jim*, *The Wild Child*, *Small Change*, *The Man Who Loved Women*, and *The Last Metro*, especially, will instantly recognize the same humor, intelligence, and sympathy in these letters to friends and colleagues.

When Steven Spielberg hired Truffaut to play the UFO specialist, Claude Lacombe, in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, he said it was because he was "a man with the soul of a child . . . He resembles all the children in his films." This is what gives the letters a distinctive tone—so like that of his most charming films. He delights in joking with his correspondents, in playing with words and inventing epithets (Arthur Winston, film critic of the *New York Post*, is "hairy chops") and in whimsy, as when he writes to his friend and translator, Helen Scott, of his book on Hitchcock:

> My dream would be for this book never to come out and for you and me to spend a month together every year bringing it up to date, adding new questions and conducting new interviews with the maestro, in short a few weeks of Hollywood holidays every year.

Sometimes he is even self-consciously childlike. In another letter to Helen Scott, he writes: "I haven't got in touch yet with your chum Françoise Prasche, since I'm delaying that delightful moment the way children take forever over a dessert they've been longing for."

Such playfulness is never cloying or silly, any more than is the cinematic biography of the manchild Antoine Doinel; and the correspondence with Truffaut's oldest friend, Robert Lachenay, reveals how similar was not only his background but also his temperament to that of his *alter ego*. The letters also show the genesis of his passionate seriousness about filmmaking and films—which, on more than one occasion, he compares to children: "Films are babies and the world, in consequence, can be divided into two: what's good for the baby and what's not good for the baby." Elsewhere he says, by way of apology to an employee he felt he had neglected: "On the pretext of protecting my films, which I've always treated as though they were children in danger, I haven't been attentive enough to other people's problems."

Such generosity is only a corollary to the openness and simplicity of his character: he is naturally humble and given to jokey self-depreciation, as when he says that, although *La Chambre verte* (The Green Room) got good reviews, the public response suggested to him that it ought to have been called *La Chambre vide* (The Empty Room). Yet, when he feels that he has been treated unjustly or, especially, that his friends have been badly treated, he displays a moral passion which, though childlike indeed in its power and simplicity, has a mature toughness and wisdom about it.

The most striking example is in his exchange of letters with Jean-Luc Godard in 1973 in which Godard, in typically thoughtless and unconsidered fashion, called Truffaut a liar. Truffaut's reply is a masterpiece of controlled rage and scatological invective, yet he is indignant chiefly at Godard's shabby behavior toward two or three of their mutual friends. It should be said, by the way, that the quarrel was sufficiently forgotten fifteen years later for Godard to have contributed a characteristically opaque foreword to this volume, but he still gives the impression of not quite understanding what all the fuss was about—as if he had a kind of divine right to be outrageous just for the sake of it.

In fact, it is precisely this quality that Truffaut homes in on in the final flourish of the letter—an attack on Godard's "trendy Leftism":

> I've always had the impression that real militants are like cleaning women, doing a thankless, daily but necessary job. But you, you're the Ursula Andress of militancy, you make a brief appearance, just enough time for the camera to flash, you make two or three duly startling remarks and then you

James Bowman is American correspondent for the Spectator *of London.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

disappear again, trailing clouds of self-serving mystery.

Truffaut returns again and again to his anger at those who, while pretending to a disinterested love of "the masses," cannot be bothered to show ordinary human consideration toward individuals.

This hatred of hypocrisy is another of Truffaut's childlike characteristics, as is his vision of humanity in relentlessly concrete and particular terms. It is what saves him from the more properly infantile leftism of the French intelligentsia of the fifties and sixties, which he is otherwise predisposed to adopt. For, although he makes the occasional obeisance to the household gods of the left, he also candidly admits that he is himself the least political of men. There is no affectation of egalitarian or socialist rectitude, only simple honesty, when he writes to the Centre National de la Cinématographie that "lacking as I do all sense of civic responsibility, it would be hypocritical of me to seek some national honor."

In the same way, he is incapable of the simplistic, Manichean generalizations so beloved of others on the left. Of a "committed" folksinger he writes: "What I don't care for in Brassens is the division of the world in two: pacifists and warmongers, intelligent and stupid people, poets and bourgeois, lovers and cops."

The one political sentiment that genuinely energizes him is belief in free speech; the director of *Fahrenheit 451* was always willing to stick his neck out for *that* cause. But even at his most militant he manages to retain the wry detachment of the genuine artist, as when he was almost arrested in the company of that humorless old stick, Jean-Paul Sartre, while the two of them were selling *La Cause du peuple* in the streets of Paris. In his deposition to the President of the High Court, Truffaut explained that he had been wearing a suit and tie and was not arrested, while Sartre, who had been attired in more self-consciously proletarian fashion, was—so that "there was already . . . at the vestimentary level (as one says nowadays) a discrimination being made among the vendors of *La Cause du peuple*":

> What happened next only reinforced this impression, since a pedestrian, recognizing Sartre, shouted at the policeman, "You're surely not going to arrest a Nobel Prize-winner!" At which point, we were astonished to see the policeman release Sartre's arm, begin to walk more quickly, draw ahead of our group and rush off at such a speed that it would have been necessary to start running in order to catch up with him. That was all the proof we needed that there did indeed exist a double standard, and that one is more likely to be arrested if one happens to look like a fishy customer, or rather a fishy vendor.
>
> I can only conclude this testimony by advising my colleagues, the vendors of *La Cause du peuple*, to wear their Sunday best every day and refuse the Nobel Prize if ever it is offered to them.

Film buffs will enjoy this volume for the insight that it gives into Truffaut's working methods, but to me its value lies chiefly in the portrait that emerges of Truffaut the man, whose love and understanding of his art is equalled only by his love and understanding of the human heart. In the films this sympathetic understanding is lavished on the lost, the bewildered, the inept, the obsessed, and the broken-hearted—his letters show that it can also exist, more quietly, in the common business of everyday life. □

CORRESPONDENCE

(continued from page 7)

streets and get on with creating real perestroika which will improve the lives of the masses of Soviet citizens." A Russian friend confirmed that the Russian translation caught the essence of what the Reverend was saying and that the anti-Leninist implications of the remark were clear.

Nor should Rev. Moon's $100,000 donation to the *Moscow News* after its offices burned be seen either as a payoff or as evidence of Moon's going over to the other side. As Bethell and I discovered while visiting the paper's editorial offices, *Moscow News* is a major center of information for reformist parties. Its articles deal as openly with Soviet problems as any Western paper, and scores of activists gather in front of its offices each day to debate the latest news and rumors. By supporting forces like *Moscow News* and liberalizing groups within Novosti, Rev. Moon is helping to provide a desperately needed voice, much as he has done through supporting the *Washington Times* in this town.

In conclusion, while it may be true that Rev. Moon would use what leverage he has with the Soviets to tame Kim Il Sung and encourage the unification of his homeland, his overall goals *vis à vis* the Soviet Union are far greater than this: complete religious freedom, a major opening of the Soviet marketplace, and rapid progress toward democratization.

—Dan Fefferman
American Freedom Journal
Washington, D.C.

Perceptions of C. S. Lewis

Hurrah for James Bowman and his magnificently perceptive review of *C. S. Lewis* by A. N. Wilson (*TAS*, May 1990). Most of the other early reviews have been uninformed puffery.

Even canny James Bowman, however, comes to Wilson with too much trust. Thus Bowman accepts at face value Wilson's self-serving claim that there is a "curious feud" between Catholic and evangelical Lewis admirers. In fact, the relationship between Catholic, Anglican, evangelical, and unchurched Lewis admirers is an almost syrupy model of ecumenical harmony, and it is easy to name names to prove it. Wilson names no names because he hasn't any. (There is indeed a feud between Lewis admirers who believe Walter Hooper and those who do not, but that feud rages within and without all three church groups, never between them.)

If Bowman had been aware of all of Wilson's dotty fabrications, he might have been too distracted to turn out such a delightful critique of Wilson's posturing, so I can't complain. But of the dozens upon dozens of misrepresentations, here is one I find especially poignant.

On page 162 Wilson claims that for twenty-two years he has thought about Lewis's June 1938 letter to Owen Barfield stating that to feel the wind in your hair, walk barefoot on wet grass, or swim in the rain are Nazi or homosexual pleasures. Wilson deplores Lewis's obvious mental disorder and claims that the Christian apologetics Lewis began writing at that time sprang from a diseased root. But as anyone can see by looking at Lewis's *Letters*, he had overheard a couple of undergraduates spouting the nonsense about Nazism and homosexuality. He was appalled. That is why he reported the rubbish to Barfield.

Wilson's sleight-of-hand disdain for Lewis and everyone else (served up in a display of "generous" spirit) is the rotten core of the biography. But Wilson's disdain for reality also worms through the book. His facts, even his dates, can't be trusted. And when Wilson tells the truth, he is all too often repeating earlier Lewis authors while pretending to be original.

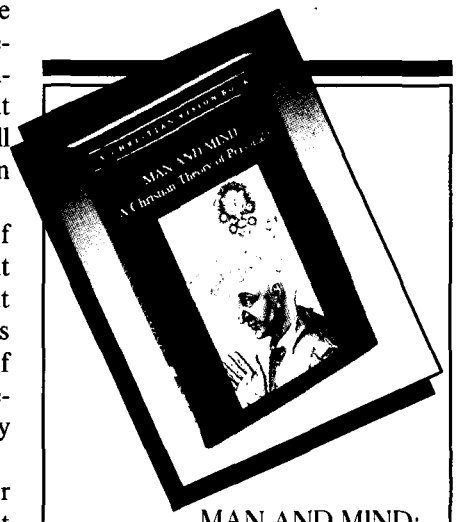
—Kathryn Lindskoog
Orange, California

In some recent "Current Wisdom" columns, the editors have featured several examples of liberal animal-rights zealotry. I've found another example of such gems, this time attacking animal experimentation. The writer actually compares the treatment of animals with the oppression of blacks and other minorities:

> If we cut up beasts simply because they cannot prevent us and because we are backing our own side in the struggle for existence, it is only logical to cut up imbeciles, criminals, enemies, or capitalists for the same reasons . . . if mere sentiment justifies cruelty, why stop at sentiment for the whole human race? There is a sentiment for a white man against the black, the Herrenvolk against the Non-Aryans.

Oops! Sorry folks, but I goofed. That quote wasn't from a left-winger, but from that well known right-wing extremist, C. S. Lewis. I'll have to look harder next time.

—Alan Houston
Nacogdoches, Texas

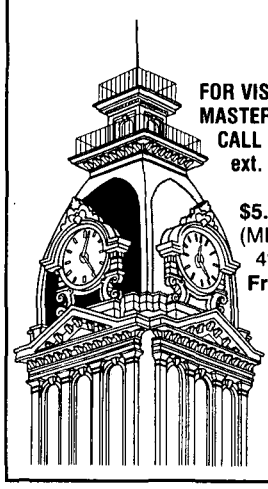


MAN AND MIND:
A CHRISTIAN THEORY
OF PERSONALITY

Why are so many psychologists hostile to religious explanations of human behavior? In what has been hailed as a path-breaking study, nine psychologists, theologians and philosophers offer the reason: Thomas J. Burke, Stephen R. Briggs, Mary Vander Goot, Paul C. Vitz, Charles Ransford, Merold Westphal, William Kirk Kilpatrick, John S. Reist, Jr., and Mary Stewart Van Leeuwen.

"This book examines one of the most important intellectual issues in the field of psychology today."

RICHARD JOHN NEUHAUS,
Author
The Naked Public Square



FOR VISA AND MASTERCARD ORDERS CALL 800-253-3200 ext. 801

$5.00 softbound
(MI residents add 4% sales tax)
Free Shipping!

HILLSDALE COLLEGE PRESS
Hillsdale, MI 49242

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIEDS

HELP WANTED

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
STAFF ASSISTANT. Cheerful individual to assist staff with mail processing, telephones, and assorted office duties. Excellent opportunity for advancement.
Send resume to: Dave Shanahan, *TAS*, P.O. Box 10448, Arlington, Virginia 22210-1448.

ATTENTION—HIRING! Government jobs—your area. $17,840-$69,485. Call 1-602-838-8885. EXT R13346.

ATTENTION: EARN MONEY READING BOOKS! $32,000/year income potential. Details. (1) 602-838-8885. Ext. Bk13346.

BOOKS

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS located. No obligation. Whitted Books, Box 603-SP, Fairmont, NC 28340.

PRESIDENTIAL BIOGRAPHIES. Send 25¢ stamp for monthly listing of available titles. New & out-of-print books. American Political Biography, B-39 Boggs Hill Road, Newtown, CT 06470.

OLD BOOKSCOUT locates out of print books. Write Greenmantle, POB 1777 AS, Culpeper, VA 22701.

ARMAGEDDON
What is it? How close are we to it? Read an authentic account of civilization's end in **CREATION AND CULMINATION** by Bible scholar Arthur Standard. Hardcover, illus., 40% discount. Send $10.80 to D&S Distributors, P.O. Box 296, Chester, NJ 07930.

JAYNE'S BOOKSEARCH

OLD & RARE BOOKS

Bought • Used • Sold • Searched

Estate Libraries

325 Valley Rd. *Adam Kaplan, Prop.*
Havertown, PA 19083 *Open 9-5:30*
(215) 449-1679 *Monday-Saturday*

Bargain Books
Publishers' overstocks, remainders, imports—over 3,000 titles at up to 80% savings in our **FREE CATALOG!** Biography, History, Art, Nature, Gardening, Cooking, Fiction—something for everyone, including about 600 new titles monthly. Write:
Hamilton Box 15-703, Falls Village CT 06031

PUBLICATIONS

1989 TAS INDEX SALE. *The American Spectator* now makes available the index to Volume 22 (1989). This handy guide lists TAS articles by author, along with a separate listing of books reviewed. Priced to move at $2.00 each plus 70¢ postage & handling. Contact: David Shanahan, *The American Spectator*, P.O. Box 10448, Arlington, VA 22210.

Sexism *Fight it!!*
Beat the divorce racket and other anti-male discrimination

Read ***The Liberator***
Monthly newsmagazine has the answers. Conservative commonsense on all gender issues. Hard hitting answer to feminism! It's about time!
$20yr. *Men's Rights Assoc.* Dept. TAS
Route 6 St. Forest Lake, MN 55025

VIDEOTAPES

FILM CLASSICS. Send SASE for free catalog to STAR RECORDINGS, 2765 W5 St, Bklyn, NY 11224.

EDUCATION & INSTRUCTION

HOME STUDY COLLEGE
DEGREE PROGRAMS
60 Sem. credits req'd. Finish BS, MBA, MA, PhD, JD/Law Degree. BA Challenge Exam (3 yr. prior college req'd). Year round. No classroom attendance. Free information.
CITY UNIVERSITY LOS ANGELES
3960 Wilshire Boulevard
Los Angeles, CA 90010-3306
1-800-262-8388
1-213-382-3801

SPEAK FRENCH OR ANY LANGUAGE
AS U.S. DIPLOMATS DO!
Self-study audiocassette courses developed for U.S. State Dept. now at **savings up to 60%!** Call or write for FREE catalog **1-800-722-6394.**
AUDIO-LANGUAGE INSTITUTE®
516 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 68, Suite 507, NY, NY 10036.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

AGGRESSIVE ENTREPRENEURS: key leaders who can recruit, train, and supervise a large sales force are urgently needed for a rapidly expanding international AAAA D&B company. Environmental sales over $500,000,000 in 1989; geometric rise in 1990s. Fortunes will be made, as timing does create wealth. Superfast start with $135,000. Call 800-848-4147.

COMPUTER SOFTWARE

WISDOM OF THE AGES
First electronic book of quotes, sayings and ideas brings over 1,000 of the world's greatest minds to PC screens and printers.
Select a subject. Use the vivid parade of timeless knowledge to act, write and speak better; earn more.
UNSOLICITED USER COMMENTS
"Your program is a jewel . . ." W.H. Washington, D.C.
"It's a terrific idea and program . . ." J.R. Ontario, Canada
". . . A great program! The colors really are beautiful! The layout and organization of the whole program is superb! . . ." K.B. Los Angeles, CA
"I'm impressed . . . an awe-inspiring job . . ." C.S. Mexico City, Mexico
Introductory Offer: $79.00 for all 5 disks.
30 day money-back guarantee.
Add $2.00 S/H. CA residents add 7% tax.
MCR Agency, Inc.
6116 Merced Av. #81AS
Oakland, CA 94611
1-800-767-6797
FAX 415-444-6561

MISCELLANEOUS

THE V FOR VICTORY SIGN
Is senseless because there are no winners—just survivors. One finger should stand for losers and the other finger for chance-selected winners—that would make sense. To end wars or 90% of them make that strategy the law and fire a SASE at fair-play, non-suicidal WINNERS, Box 2243, Youngstown, Ohio 44504.

MISCELLANEOUS

CLEAN BLOOD PROTECTION
Be in Control of Your Life
More people now believe they can build strong blood quality and, thereby, protect themselves from "social diseases."
This non-profit organization assists its members, provides reliable information and fosters dependable support.
For FREE MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION WRITE:
BLOOD LINE, INCORPORATED
P.O. BOX 7219
BEVERLY HILLS, CA 90212-7219

MERCHANDISE

BUMPER STICKERS
Annoy your liberal neighbors & co-workers with slogans like "Toot if you love Mayor Barry." "If you can't read this, then thank the N.E.A." "Burn Commies, not Old Glory." More issues on a monthly basis. Send a $2.00 check or M.O. for each heavy-duty plastic sticker to Forthright Comunications, P.O. Box 134, Merrifield, Virginia 22116.

REAL ESTATE

3,143 TAX PROPERTY AUCTIONS
SASE Access Information Box 3891A
Chatsworth, CA 91313-3891

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Rates: $1.00 per word

($5 extra for *TAS* box number if desired.)

$30 per column inch for classified display ads.

Pre-payment required for all ads.

Special Discount Offer: Pre-pay for 3 ads—get a 4th ad free.

Enclosed is: $_____ for ____ insertions.

Ad classification: _____

Name: _____ (please print)

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____

Zip: _____

Send ad copy with this form to:

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
Classified Department
P.O. Box 10448
Arlington, Virginia 22210-1448

PERSONALS

RESPECTABLE THAI LADIES seeking. correspondence marriage. 100 color photo catalog $3.00. THAI LADIES, Box 11495A, Honolulu, HI 96828. 808-734-0099.

JAPANESE WOMEN seek friends, marriage. Other Orientals too! Free brochure: PACIFIC CENTURY, 110 Pacific #208-JX, San Francisco, CA 94111. (816) 942-1668.

ASIAN LADIES DESIRE CORRESPONDENCE! Overseas, sincere, attractive. World's #1 Service! SUNSHINE INTERNATIONAL-Dept. HE, Box 5500, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745. (808) 325-7707.

ATTRACTIVE ORIENTAL LADIES seeking correspondence, marriage. Dignified presentations by American/Asian couple. Asian Experience (since 1984), Box 1214TR, Novato, CA 94948. (415) 897-2742.

U.S.—ASIAN CONNECTION. Beautiful, faithful ladies seek friendship/marriage. Superior service at lower rates. Free 10 page photo brochure. (702) 451-3070.

MOVING?
Don't forget *TAS*

Address Changes Made Easy

1. Please write your new address in the space provided.
2. Attach the mailing label from your most recent issue.
3. Return this form to us at the address listed below.

That's all there is to it. Just be sure to allow six weeks for your change to take effect.

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
Circulation Department
P.O. Box 10448
Arlington, VA 22210-1448

(Please attach address label here.)
IMPORTANT
Allow six weeks for address change

☐ Renew my subscription for one year (twelve issues—$30)
☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Bill me later

Name: _____ (please print)
Address: _____
_____
City: _____
State: _____ Zip: _____
Date of change: _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CURRENT WISDOM

The Great Books Series

Professors Pfau and Kenski team up to discover the roots of the Willie Horton campaign, in plain English fit for a graduate student:

The 1986 Investigation

A 2 (inoculation message strategy) × 2 (attack message approach) × 2 (political party affiliation) factorial analysis of variance was computed to examine the relative effectiveness of the inoculation pretreatments among party identifiers. The factorial did identify differences in the means of Democratic and Republican party identifiers. These differences attained statistical significance on the source credibility dimensions of competence, F (1, 207) = 8.20; df =1/207, $p < .05$; $w^2 = .03$; composure, F (1, 207) =15.18, $p < .05$; $w^2 = .06$; and extroversion, F (1, 207) = 34.99, $p < .05$; $w^2 = .13$; and approached statistical significance on the primary attitude measures of attitude toward candidate supported in the attack message, F (1, 207) = 3.10, $p < .10$; $w^2 = .01$, and likelihood of voting for the candidate supported in the attack message, F (1, 207) = 3.39, $p < .10$; $w^2 = .01$.

[from Attack Politics: Strategy and Defense, *by Michael Pfau and Henry C. Kenski, Praeger 1990]*

Bergen Record

In the funereal notices of a leading New Jersey gazette, more proof that the good die young:

MR. "HARRY" MOTTO BOEHM—A 13-year-old seal-point Siamese cat, son of Jessica and Luta, and cherished by David and Mildred Boehm of Hackensack, NJ, died on Friday, January 19, 1990. Mr. Motto had just celebrated his first anniversary of his kidney transplant which was performed in Davis, CA on January 13, 1989. He blazed the trail of veterinary medicine and will be remembered by all of the two to three hundred people involved in his lust for life as well as his paw pals. He leaves behind his parents, Buttercup the donor, and his adopted babies.

[January 22, 1990]

Nation

The republic's cultural beacon shows that television is indeed capable of soaring to intellectual heights, and again makes its sempiternal case for flag-burning:

But the convoluted, shadowy doings in Twin Peaks had a deep psychic resonance for a lot of viewers. The sensibility teetered on the edge of camp and *grand guignol*, but it was grounded in social realism. Culturally, Twin Peaks is the dark side of the myth of small-town decency, a myth Ronald Reagan cultivated and traduced. Sociologically, it is the Lynds' Middletown updated to post-Reagan America: unhappy marriages, violence against women, pervasive drugs, merchandised sex, failing industry. (At the center of the plot is the sale of the sawmill to foreign developers by the town's Michael Milken.) There's a dark evil out in those woods and only F.B.I. agent Dale Cooper and sheriff Harry S. Truman can save us. Cooper, the last young conservative innocent, came to town still believing in the small-town dream, but in Twin Peaks he discovered the nightmare.

[June 11, 1990]

Santa Barbara News-Press

Dr. Jo Wamser, ecologist, hands down yet another Final Solution:

Tupperware is an abomination and associating its use with some kind of Earth Day awareness or elevated consciousness is ludicrous. . . .

Plastic, of which Tupperware is constructed, is a petroleum product. Petroleum is oil, a limited natural resource wasted in the manufacture of unessential products. Tupperware is a perfect example of our country's conspicuous and wasteful consumption.

If the Earth Day celebrant is really focusing, he/she is attempting to use less of everything, recycle more and generate less for the landfill.

Think of all the money you'd save if you stored your foodstuffs in recycled glass jars and covered that bowl of leftover spaghetti with a plate ($76 for a Modular Mates Baking Set!) . . .

If Earth Day or personal reflection has altered your world view, food view and/or lifestyle, think about eating lower on the food chain . . .

[June 19, 1990]

Harper's

Modern reflections on the sublime and the beautiful—withal the odiferous—by Maureen Perednia of New York City:

But one of the most astonishing statements Paglia presents is that "man's cultural achievements . . . result from his singular anatomy." Along the same lines, she presents an analogy between men's ability to urinate and their ability for concentration and projection.

These theories would be comical, except that Paglia is serious. Yes, perhaps men can make a statement with their urine if they choose to, but I hardly think the primary bodily function of urinary waste elimination has much to do with cultural commentary. Why does Paglia not expound on the significance of the other form of waste elimination? Because it doesn't fit the penis-culture theory, because it is something both men and women must squat to do—earthbound, like female dogs. Furthermore, if a man owes his creativity and cultural projection to his penis, then why does he have a brain?

[July 1990]

New York Times

In a review of Roy Blount, Jr.'s new novel, *First Hubby*, Mr. Christopher Lehmann-Haupt stifles himself:

"She laughed and laughed," Guy writes. "I just loved to see her laugh so hard. She doesn't laugh that hard very often, but when she does—well, the world has seen her do it on television. It's wonderful. It's like watching a baby break up. Until Clementine, you never thought of presidents laughing. Grinning, but not laughing the way she does. She doesn't laugh at things, she laughs toward them."

Is Mr. Blount treading on dangerous territory here? I suppose he is. That the premise of "First Hubby" seems inherently comic somehow makes one a little nervous. Why should it seem funny that Guy is jealous of the President's relations with Muammar el-Qaddafi, who has given sanctuary to Marilyn Quayle after her failed coup against George Bush? Was Pat Nixon ever jealous of Indira Gandhi? And would it have been comic in the same way if she had been? Is Mr. Blount making sport of the very idea of a woman as President? It's hard to say.

[June 7, 1990]

Playboy

From the subscription solicitation of an intellectual review on the rocks:

Imagine how much more enjoyable your life would be if a team of personal advisors consulted with you in your home each month:

Your personal INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALISTS will grab an issue by the lapels and ask it tough questions. You'll overhear startling answers from the men and women who shape contemporary society. Personalities like Mickey Rourke. Lionel Richie. Wade Boggs. Louis Rukeyser. Whoopi Goldberg. Don Johnson. Bryant Gumbel . . . to name a few.

[Spring 1990]

Washington Post

Whilst dispensing more self-pitying codswallop, this time on medical research in white-male-dominated Amerika, Miss Ellen Goodman brings in the theoretical Cong. Schroeder:

"I've had a theory that you fund what you fear," says Rep. Patricia Schroeder (D-Colo.), who along with Reps. Olympia Snowe (R-Maine) and Henry Waxman (D-Calif.) has kept a spotlight on this issue. "When you have a male-dominated group of researchers, they are more worried about prostate cancer than breast cancer."

The fund-what-you-fear bias in health research goes straight through the medical system. After all, who decides what we should study, what is important and who is important? The dearth of female researchers, female reviewers, female doctors and female administrators at NIH has directly resulted in a dearth of research on women's health issues.

[June 23, 1990]

Chicago Sun-Times

On the "Science & Health" page of a great American daily comes news of the most colossal scientific discovery since Piltdown Man:

The environmental and women's movements have merged in a new movement called "ecofeminism." Leading ecofeminist Gloria Feman Orenstein of the University of Southern California says environmental problems and sexism are caused by attitudes common in Western, male-dominated civilization. "The earth and women have been continually raped and violated," Orenstein said. "Ecofeminism opposes not only androcentrism [male-centeredness] but also anthropocentrism [human-centeredness]."

[April 29, 1990]

Scripps Howard News Service

Ms. William Van Cleave, late of the Women's Studies Department at The College of Wooster in Ohio, undergoes a metamorphosis and lives to tell of it:

Now, as my graduation approaches, I have changed. I have taken 14 Women's Studies courses, from "Re-Visions of Gender" to "Women in German Culture" to "Feminist Perspectives on Motherhood." I have become a self-proclaimed feminist with a major in Women's Studies. . . .

There are many feminists who argue that, because I am a man, I cannot be a feminist. But feminism is, for me, a framework with which I try to construct my life. It is not easy being a feminist because it forces you to look at everything with a critical eye.

Television, once one of my favorite pastimes, is not nearly as much fun now that I am conscious of the negative effects that the sexist stereotypes evident in much of today's advertising has [sic] on women (and therefore, from my perspective, on men). Male/female relationships are more difficult for me personally and for me to observe because I am aware of the inequities that place the male in the dominant role.

I am at a definite disadvantage as a feminist who happens to be male. This disadvantage is merely a matter of circumstance. I am not privy to the female experience. I have never had the fear of being raped, never menstruated, never been subjected to discrimination because of my sex.

As a white, upper-middle class, heterosexual male, I live, in many senses, a privileged life. My experience as the only male in many Women's Studies classes over the past three years has opened my eyes to many things.

Mostly, I have been forced to think twice about everything—to look more critically at the world than I think I otherwise might. Give me a history book, and I will try to see what's been left out. Knowledge is not set in stone; it is ever changing. My life is not set in stone, either, but my feminism, as a transforming process in my life, as a life motivator, is.

[May 30, 1990]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Most Anger-Provoking Book In America

Reveals How The News Media Have Been Deceiving The American People

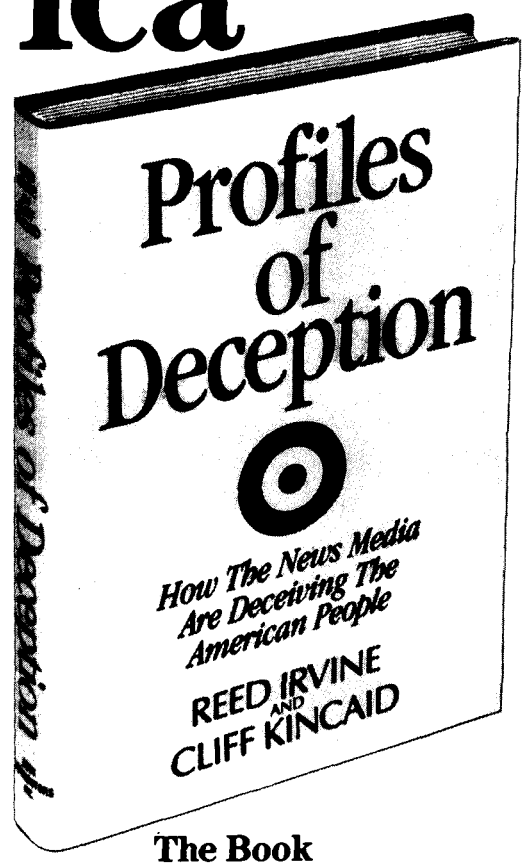
From Washington, D.C. comes the most fascinating, informative and anger-provoking book you've ever read...a book which shows you with incontrovertible facts how reporters, behind-the-scenes writers, editors AND many of the most famous news personalities on TV and in the press have been putting out one-sided, deceptive news in order to manipulate public opinion...*and get you to agree with them on the most important issues facing America.*

Shocking, but true

A TV program on "Hunger In America" showed a baby dying of "starvation." But it was actually a 2½ pound premature baby.

TV and newspaper reports said Vice President Quayle was "hissed and booed" by cadets at the U.S. Military Academy. But it never happened. The story was made up.

You and every American need to know the facts in *Profiles of Deception.*



The Danger Of Misleading The Public

This eye-opening, documented book is the product of the highly acclaimed news media "watch dog" *Accuracy In Media* headed by Reed Irvine. 20 years ago Reed Irvine became alarmed with the way news people can literally *shape a nation* by putting out slanted, one-sided, misleading news stories. His work in exposing this dishonest method of manipulating public opinion has been praised by 3 U.S. Presidents.

Now Reed Irvine together with Cliff Kincaid tell you exactly how news people, whose views are far different from those of the average American, have deceived you over and over again about important news events you remember.

Over 100 "Profiles of Deception"

- The book takes you right into a U.S. House of Representatives subcommittee hearing room where you'll learn the alarming facts about Fidel Castro's long involvement in smuggling cocaine into the United States... and learn why this news never reached most Americans.
- You will learn the facts which prove reporters have been putting out flagrantly misleading news reports from Nicaragua... and have misled all America about a growing danger our country faces.
- You'll discover exactly how Dan Rather set a trap for presidential candidate George Bush on the CBS Evening News...and deceitfully tried to swing the last presidential election.
- You'll learn the real reason South Africa expelled U.S. reporters...and why the views of the vast majority of black South Africans are almost never heard in this country.
- You'll discover how Tom Brokaw and Chris Wallace manipulated the news to damage Judge Robert Bork.
- You'll learn how TV networks conceal from you who's really behind demonstrations you see on your TV screen.
- You'll learn the techniques of how they try to 'get' the President and the Vice President.

And this is just the beginning.

You'll read over 100 "Profiles of Deception" revealing how news people, week after week, have been using the "news" to manipulate public opinion and shape government policies the way THEY want. The book gives you the facts. It names the names.

What This Means To You

First of all, it means you will have one of the most fascinating reading experiences of your life.

It means you will learn exactly how TV, many newspapers, news magazines...even Hollywood movies and TV entertainment programs...are being used to mislead the American people about the most important events of our time.

A Challenge

But most important of all, it means that YOU, by telling others what you learn in this shocking book, can help expose and end this dangerous practice which is undermining one of the foundations of our democracy. Send for your copy of *Profiles of Deception* today.

The Book That Proves They're Right

"The public is entirely justified in thinking that a lot of American journalism is unfair or inaccurate."
Robert MacNeil

"The press, the radio and television stand indicted of the crime of failing in their great and growing responsibility to give the American people an honest picture of the news of the day."
Barry Goldwater

No Risk Offer

Every American who believes in fair, honest, unbiased news reporting simply must read this remarkable book. If you don't agree it is the most fascinating, easy-to-read, "almost impossible to put down" book you've ever read, it won't cost you a penny. But please mail the no-risk coupon today. This advertisement may not be repeated.

Not In Stores • Mail Coupon

Book Distributors, Inc., Dept. 101
155 East Main Street
Smithtown, New York 11787

Please rush me the hard cover volume PROFILES OF DECEPTION for 10 days' no-risk trial. I must agree that I and every American need to know the facts it reveals or you will refund my money including postage and handling immediately.

☐ I enclose $19.95 plus $1.50 for postage and handling.
☐ Charge to my credit card:
☐ Visa ☐ Diner's Club
☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express

Acct. # _____ Exp. Date ____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State ____ Zip ____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED